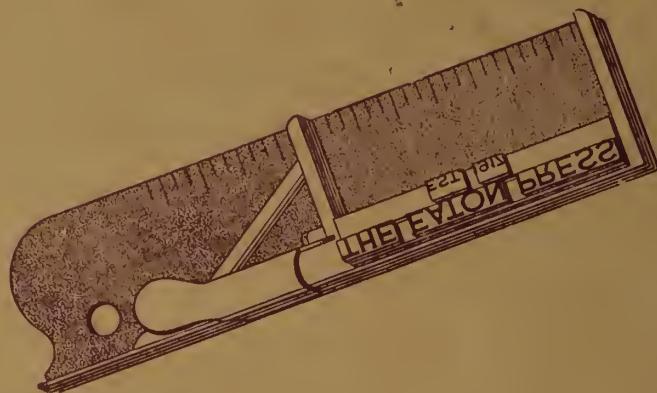




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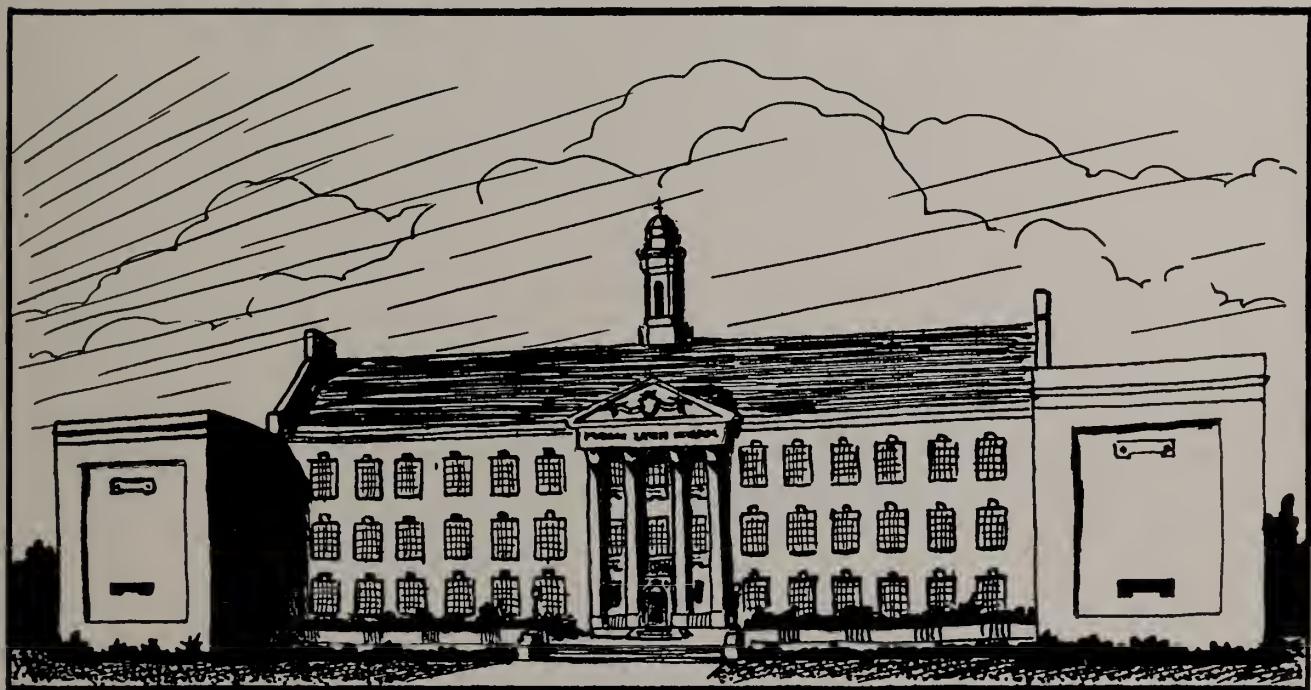
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# THE LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER



*Spring Issue*

VOLUME LXX

NUMBER II

APRIL, 1951

Published 3 times a year by the students of the Boston Public Latin School,  
Avenue Louis Pasteur, Boston, Mass.

TERMS: One dollar and seventy-five cents per year; by mail two dollars. Contributions solicited from undergraduates. Contributions must be plainly, neatly, and correctly written on one side of the paper only. Contributions will be accepted wholly with regard to the needs of the paper and the merits of the manuscript.



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## The Needle

BY THOMAS S. DOHERTY, JR., '51

BILLY MERCHANT sat on the curbstone with his playmates, trying to think of something different to do. They had run the gamut of games, and they had to play them over again unless . . . Suddenly Billy jumped up and announced triumphantly, "I bet I can beat anyone here around the block." "Chuckie" Stevenson, the acknowledged champion sprinter of the neighborhood, took up the challenge in terms short and decisive. The competitors set off at once, racing down the street and around the corner at top speed.

In spite of speculation, the remaining five or six boys had a deep-seated desire to see Billy lose; for his boasting irritated them. Yet they bore it with patience, never once showing Billy that they would feel happier if he were not around.

Billy was under a handicap; for, immediately after they turned the corner, they were confronted with a steep hill, up which "Chuckie" managed to gain a lead of some ten feet. Suddenly, from out of a front yard bounded a brown and white mongrel, fascinated by flying feet. Barking and snapping at Billy's heels, the dog jumped up and dug his teeth into the youthful ankle flesh.

At the first sharp stab of pain Billy shrieked and fell to the ground, sobbing and rubbing his wounded leg. Immediately, "Chuckie" stopped, turned, and rushed back to him.

"What's the matter? Are you hurt?" To this customary but foolish queery there was a muffled reply; and "Chuckie" realized that, if anyone were to give Billy the support he badly needed, it was not he but Billy's mother, Mrs. Merchant.

"Chuckie" ran off, and in a few minutes returned with Mrs. Merchant. By this time a small group of housewives and children had gathered, and the mailman had picked Billy up to carry him home. As soon as he saw his mother, Billy intensified his sobbing. Mrs. Merchant realized that the dog might have been mad; and after she had Billy safely at home, she called the doctor. Later, after he had given Billy's leg a cursory examination, he said that although there seemed to be no evidence of blood-poisoning, Billy would have to be given a series of fifteen immunization shots.

The Crandall Clinic set Mrs. Merchant on edge: it was in a building some fifty years old—formerly a nurses' dormitory—with hard benches, bare walls, and hundreds of people. When at last their turn came, they went into an austere room and sat at a white-enamored table, where a young doctor questioned Billy. The lad, at once disturbed by the man's informal, personal manner, squirmed while his sleeve was rolled up, and his arm swabbed with alcohol. At last he broke down when the doctor prepared the hypodermic needle for the injection. In a few mo-

ments his mother was putting on his jacket, saying, "There, now; that didn't hurt as much as you thought it would; did it?"

The next morning, his mother woke him, and told him to get ready to go to the Clinic again. Once more, he must face the fawning doctor, the suspense, and the inadequate words. The third morning, the same action was repeated; but this time Billy asked his mother, "How much longer will we have to go to the Clinic?"

"Just one more week," she replied. "It has to be done, because nobody knows anything about the dog."

"Suppose they find out whose dog it was?" he asked in rebuttal.

"Why, they could tell whether you should have to take more shots or not. If the dog was diseased, you'd have to take the shots anyway, or perhaps you might have to take even more."

Billy knew there was nothing wrong with the dog, although he had seen it just that once, but he could not prove what he knew. Therefore, he decided to keep his eyes open for the dog.

Mrs. Amy Brewster was a bent, near-sighted old widow, who remained in the house most of the time. The children of the neighborhood called her an old witch. She lived alone in her huge house with her dog, Skip, just as feeble as his mistress—blind in one eye, half-blind in the other, and bereft of all fur. People said it was cruel to keep the dog alive.

All day long she sat by her window, although once in a while she polished the ancient furniture or watered the plants on the window-sills. She rarely had visitors; and whenever she felt an ache or pain, she used one of the tried and true remedies that her mother had handed down to her. It was not surprising, therefore, that she was visibly perturbed when the Health Officers came and asked questions about Skip, who, it seemed, had bitten one of the neighbors' children.

"Why, Skip's as harmless as a baby.

He wouldn't touch anyone," she told them.

"Nevertheless, we'll have to examine him." They did, and discovered what everyone in the neighborhood knew: Skip should have been put away long ago.

"But you can't do that," she insisted. "He's the only friend I have," and she broke into tears. The men, embarrassed at the thought of wresting from the old lady her last vestige of friendship, suggested that Mrs. Brewster would do well at a nursing home. But she would have none of it. Sobbing quietly, she begged to have Skip saved; but they said she would be doing Skip more good by having him put out of his misery. Mrs. Brewster walked slowly out of the room. When they realized she was not coming back, the Health Officers put Skip in the back seat of the car and rode away in silence.

Billy Merchant sat on the curbstone, telling his playmates of his experiences at the Clinic.

"Did it hurt—the needle, I mean?" asked one.

"Gee, no. Just like getting a thorn in your finger."

"What's it like in there? Is it a big place? They had to take my sister in there last year to get glasses."

Billy was the idol, a boy who really knew what it was like to suffer. But whose dog was it? Didn't Billy say that the dog that bit him was brown and white? Mrs. Brewster's dog was all black.

Watching the scene through her window, Mrs. Amy Brewster sat alone. Every once in a while she cast a glance at her dusty furniture and drooping begonias, then turned her head back and stared out the window once more. When the sky began to glower, and the moon to show his orange face above the housetops, she lighted a lamp and slowly climbed the stairs to her room, glancing backwards evcry now and then, to see if this were only a bad dream, and her Skip were climbing the stairs behind her.

# How To Become A Poet

BY CONRAD GELLER, '51

ACCORDING to Cicero, the poet is the supreme interpreter of life and as such deserves a position of authority and respect among the less talented people of society. In defending his friend and teacher, Archias, the great Roman orator said, "When he speaks, lifeless rocks and the wild beasts of the forest listen with awe."

Those who want to command awe and respect, therefore, would be wise to become masters of the Lyric Muse. Indeed, many who realize the great social advantages of identifying themselves with the Homers and the Miltos would immediately sit down with pen and ink, were it not for fear of incurring the disgrace that goes with failure. It is my purpose in this article, then, to set forth the easy steps that any one may follow, be he businessman or "bookie", to acquire the distinctive title of "poet."

In the first place, according to Mr. Webster, a poet is "one who composes poetry." Ergo, you must have in your background a number of original poems, not necessarily published, which you are able to recite to admiring audiences. Also, it is best to create a new work from time to time to keep your repertoire ever fresh. But let this not discourage you, budding Whitmans! The twentieth century has brought modern conveniences not only to industry and the home, but to art as well. The exhaustive (and exhausting) study of the elements of tone-color, diction, rhythm, and imagery no longer stand as a prerequisite for the aspiring poet. The encumbrances of meter and rhyme have been limited, along with the bathing suits of the 1900's.

In lieu of these things, we have utilized, with typical American ingenuity, a delightful expediency known as free verse, or, as the intelligentsia would say, *vers libre*. Become a militant proponent of this form; ally yourself with the



"modern school", and declare yourself a member of the *avant-garde*. Be sure to remember, when writing your lyrics with abandon, to avoid coherence as you would the plague, and explain to all skeptics that poetry should be "basically emotional rather than intellectual." If further pressed by envious friends with the accusation of obscurity, baffle your opponents by saying that your efforts are by no means obscure, although they are somewhat "abstruse," and that therein lies the distinction between good and poor poetry. In extreme cases, vanquish your critic with the counter-accusation of "Classicism". Never mind what it means (I don't know myself); it is nevertheless the most devastating weapon you can use.

Furthermore, to assure yourself a place among the ranks of poets (and it may both astound and reassure you to discover the number of rank poets among your colleagues), it is important to learn how to show the traits of character generally attributed to people of creative genius. You must sulk; you must always appear deeply sorrow-

ful and tragically disillusioned. You must condescend to the amateur critic and completely ignore the professional one. Finally, your life and habits must be such that you will be completely absolved from the burden of "normalcy".

Follow these directions devoutly, and who knows? Some day your efforts may appear in *The Saturday Evening Post*; or, if you have a flair for this sort of thing, on Page Two of the *New York Sunday Times' Book Review Section*.

## On Sleeping - and Recovering from It

BY ERWIN PALLY, '52

I AM ONE of those unfortunate souls who has a hard time getting to sleep at night. Of course, there are many alleged "sure-fire" methods, such as drinking warm milk or a cool high-ball (according to your mood.). Many people prescribe a warm bath, a suggestion which is practicable, because one is able to kill two birds with one stone.

Then there are those radicals who prescribe exercise. These Bohemians are not merely content with taking a bath like the ordinary clean-minded American citizen . . . Anyway, I tried the exercises. I did thirty-five push-ups, sixty-seven set-ups, and a weird neck exercise, which I invented myself. I slept so well that I didn't go to school the next day. I do no more exercises.

Counting sheep is said to be the most conventional way of getting to sleep, but I doubt if one person in the United States uses this technique. Besides, I was never good at "math."

Getting up in the morning is even harder than falling asleep. Every morn-

ing at seven-thirty my unique dreams are rudely interrupted by a voice saying, "Come on, now; it's time to get up." My mother has been using this phrase in the same tone ever since I can remember. In my opinion, this phrase has a most revolting ring.

By some divine power I finally manage to crawl out of bed. At this point I am confronted by a problem: Shall I put on a new suit of underwear, or will the old one suffice. I decide in favor of the old one; but, to my dismay, I find that it is not in its usual place (under the bed). After letting out a few choice Russian curses which I picked up from my boss, I begin searching the room. I finally locate it—behind the radiator. Those confounded Communists!

At the breakfast table I am greeted by my mother, my father, and one cold soft-boiled egg. I sit down next to the "thing" and stare at it. It looks back at me with cool defiance. We hate each other. My sister comes in with a pleasant but irksome smile. I merely growl at her. I enjoy growling at her. Mother makes a sparkling comment on the weather; and I answer with—"YEAH?" Some fool once wrote about the cheerful breakfast table. To him I say, "Nuts!" If he, however, wants to be happy while eating breakfast, it's all right with me.

Please don't get the wrong impression: after ten o'clock I am completely congenial.



# *Redemption*

BY SANFORD M. PEARLMUTTER, '52

IT MATTERED little where one was on a night like this; for the mere thought of the upheaval outside sent a chill to the depths of one's soul. The howling gale, clattering the windows, muted the mournful wail of a stray hound. Even the friendly crackle of a warm hearth could not prevent sensing the anger and fury of the storm.

In a white maze of snow and sleet swayed the hunched figure of a man who bore the full brunt of the blizzard. His eyes were hollow pits; his face was unshaven; his lips were compressed. As he trudged along, the razor-like wind seemed to be bent on driving him to an early death. His entire life seemed to flash through his mind; the sirens, the explosion, the agonized screams of his wife and children, the sight of his beautiful Rhine Valley home reduced to a skeleton. He remembered weeks of hunger endured as a stowaway on an oil freighter en route to the United States. He recalled the anguish suffered while wandering in search of a job through icy streets. His memories were frequently interrupted by roaring blasts of wind spitting pellets of snow into his face.

He plodded on until he became too cold and fatigued to move. Numbbed, he gradually, painfully stumbled to lean against the wall of a building. Reaching into the pocket of his coat, he withdrew a vial, the contents of which could end his miserable existence; but



he suddenly stopped. His senses became alerted as if he were hearing the voice of God Himself. He was certain he heard the comforting notes of an organ. The low, drifting tones seemed to invite him to enter. Suddenly, feeling a new warmth surge through his body, he let the vial slip through his fingers and bury itself in the deep snow. Now, with refreshing determination, he buffered his way to a small side entrance.

Immediately he felt at ease, and his confused mind began to clear. As he knelt and softly spoke in his own tongue, he felt the presence of the Lord. Hours later, his drawn face relaxed and his eyes opened with a new light of hope, he arose and confidently strode out into the subsiding storm.



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# Ah, The Light

BY BERNARD LEVINE, '52

"**N**A, MEIN KIND; they are so goot, the people here . . . That was always her answer to my constant skepticism about the "new people," but, then, Mamma was never one to complain. Through the frosted window the sun was slowly creeping into our tiny room. Mamma had bundled me into my best sweaters and jacket, for it was to be my first day among the "new people." With some rolls and cheese tucked in my pocket, I was soon on my way to the schoolhouse. It lay among the sooty tenements. It was a tiny building, wanting a coat of paint on its warped shingles. It was my curiosity that led me into the one-room school. It seemed much like my school in the old country, and I wondered why Mamma kept saying "Ev'ting iss diff'rent here."

Without removing my jacket and sweaters, I sat upon the bench nearest me. As I sat there wondering whether the master's whip had three or four lashes, the door-knob turned and a girl of my own age entered. She began humming a pretty tune as she went to her bench and thumbed through some books and papers. She didn't seem to notice me, although she threw a careless glance in my direction. The papers rattled and some books fell to the floor, but I could hear her ask if I was the new boy. It was something novel that some one had bothered to speak to me! I succeeded in muttering a clumsy "Ya", and I expected her to continue speaking. In fact, I hadn't even noticed the noise accompanying the entrance of a half-dozen boys. Soon I was aware of long fingers pointing into my face. I looked up to the grinning faces of boys wearing stocking-hats and having a jolly time watching my bewildered expression.

"Hey! Well, ain't he the spoof that jest jumped offa the boat? Haw, haw, haw! Looks to me like he's sportin a limburger in his pocket there!" More

laughter. "Maybe it's the only r'ward they give 'm for espionage." My face burned red; for, although I understood little of the language, I realized what they thought of me. I arose with the intention of retaliating. My mouth couldn't form the words, and I sank down, more ridiculed than before.

By this time every bench in the room was filled and a man behind the high desk was rapping for silence. He then took a shabby book from one of the drawers, fingered the pages; and when he began reading, I saw every one fold his hands and lower his head. I did the same. A few moments later the room was moved into new activity—and I seemed to be the object of delightful mirth and sneers. The man, who was stocky and wore a faded jacket, began the roll-call: "Martha, Albert, Kurt, Martin . . . Louis Schtendler-Schtendler, is it? Where's Schtendler? . . . Ah! Remove those clothes. Rules, sir; rules. Who assigned you to that seat? Down in front. Here you take orders from me, you understand? . . . William, Anna Bella, Joseph" . . . Some one behind me whispered that he had a son killed in the war. "Ist es meine Schuld?"

I kept my eyes pinned to the small book he gave me. It had pencil marks and scribbling on every page; and some of the print was worn away. Although the writing was strange, oddly enough it kept me fascinated. I don't recall moving my eyes from the book, for fear of being given the whip. I was more than thankful when the dull bell, proclaiming the lunch hour, relieved me of my "reading." Almost every one filed out, muttering some remarks as they passed me. I remained at my bench and took from my pocket the lunch Mamma had given me. The girl I noticed before was now sitting beside me. I had lost my self-consciousness and offered her some of my cheese. She took it and thanked me.

"You're Louis, aren't you?"

"Ya. Und who are you?"

"Anna . . . Don't mind Mr. Carley. He treats all foreigners that way. Do you like ice-boating? My brother has a skiff on the river that we use every Saturday. Like to come along? We start at nine."

"Ya, thank you."

I had never felt such a sensation before. In the old country "they" had

never been so kind. The afternoon session passed quickly. My ears were closed to the master's abuse, and even to the sneers of the boys. Then school let out, and she again called to me, "Remember, at nine." I ran all the way home.

Mamma, was waiting on the door step. "Vell, mein kind?"

"Oh, Mamma! They are so goot, the people here . . . ."

## *The Fate of Clarence Drippe*

BY JOSEPH P. JOHNSON, '51

C LARENCE DRIPPE came from a long line of Englishmen. His house was adorned by diplomas and many other documents attesting to scholarly achievement. But, alas, poor Clarence had not even graduated from high school! In his junior year Clarence had had a heated discussion with his French master, who concluded it by dropping the hapless student out of the third-floor window. Because of the social influence of the prominent Dripes, the only penalty which descended upon our hero was expulsion.

Not being able to attend school, poor Clarence was forced to earn his living in the local super-market, a huge establishment, the windows of which proclaimed such values as "Butter, \$1.25 per lb." and "Sweet peas, 15¢ per dozen." Although Clarence had the easiest task in the store, that of stocking the vegetable section, he did not meet with great success; for he loved to play with mechanical gadgets. His favorite was the conveyor belt, which brought canned goods from the cellar.

One Saturday, even more exasperating than usual, Clarence learned a lesson that he will never forget. At four o'clock that afternoon he was preparing to send a load of vegetables upstairs via the conveyor belt. He had pushed the last carton along the rollers when an uncontrollable urge came over him.

Why couldn't he ride with the vegetables? When his weary mind could produce no negative rebuttal, he sat down at the farther end of the belt to insure the maximum ride. He pressed the "forward" button, but his pleasure turned to fear when he heard a loud tearing noise. The seat of his pants had caught on the end of the conveyor, just where it joined the roller.

Frantic, he reached up to stop the movement of the machine; but he was unable to stand, and he had been carried to an arm's length away from the "stop" button. For each inch he moved, an equal length of pants was ripped off; so that when he reached the top, he was devoid of trousers. There he stood in his red and white polka-dot shorts. Needless to say, none of his fellow-employees would lend him their pants, so that he was forced to stay until six o'clock, his only solace being that that day was the manager's day off.

At six o'clock he ran home as quickly as he could. Some thought that he was a practicing Marathoner. Others recognized him as "that rather odd Drippe!"

The last time I saw Clarence he was teaching a French class at the local high school. After reminiscing about his strange adventure, he said to me, "You know, I haven't played with a machine since that day." He paused to scratch what was left of the ear he had caught in the meat-slicer with the stump of a finger he had lost in a typewriter.

# No One Understands Poor Leo

BY ERNEST M. POTISCHMAN, '52

HAVE YOU EVER wished to become acquainted with a lion? No? Well, continue reading, for this information may become valuable to you.

Suppose you are in the jungle, and a hungry lion walks up to you. Are you afraid? Nah! Leo doesn't like human sirloin. He's licking your hand only to start a conversation. Now, get down from that tree you have just climbed and reason with the animal. A man I knew, who was in just such a position, followed my advice to the letter. His wife is now getting a comfortable allowance from an insurance company.



*Wait! Don't throw these words of wisdom into the basket! An exception only proves a rule.*

*Bit of Advice No. 2: Never stroke a lion's head. He may misunderstand,*

and you'll have a deuce of a time getting your hand back. The best method of survival is to act casual. Smiling easily and keeping the knocking of your knees down to a dull "rat-tat-tat," remark off-handedly that the weather has been dreadful. Leo will, of course, understand that you are trying to be sociable and will respond with a non-committal growl. After you have picked up your teeth (they fell out when the lion answered), sit down and chew on a piece of grass. He'll get the idea and start to chew also (on grass, we hope). At least he is now occupied with something other than you.

Above all, don't start mumbling to yourself! The lion will take you for a "crackpot" and really get scared. This situation is to be avoided. A frightened lion loses his composure, and he may do something for which he may later be sorry.

Don't try telling jokes to a lion. He likes to be the life of the party and hates to have any one outshine him. Follow these rules and you'll come out all right. What? You want to know how to escape? Why escape? If you've proved a stimulating talker, Leo will probably show you to his cave for the night (gratis, of course). Occasionally you may feel that you are participating in a one-sided conversation; but a lion is an excellent listener, interrupting you only rarely to swat a fly with his tail. Believe me, brother; the way things are, you can do worse than make friends with a lion.



## *Tribute to a Hero*

BY JEROME L. DAVIDOW, '52

SINCE I AM unpresumptuous and not brilliant, I have little in common with the great men of history. In one respect, however, I am closely allied to famous heroes, for I share a common hobby with them—fingernail-biting. By our fingers one may know us; for they are scarred, twisted, repulsive, and disfigured.

Some men drink, others smoke, many swear; I bite my fingernails. Presidents may write letters, statesmen may rant, and senators brawl; but I, and my fellows in this sport, complacently chew on the vestiges of a once glorious thumb. It is a hobby unsurpassed and an emotional outlet unequalled.

A baby finds solace from the bewildering world, and an austere cabinet member profoundly cogitates—both by means of the battle-worn thumb. Yet

this prince of vices—shared by young and old, poet and pauper, beggar and king—is hidden from the world, like a demented uncle.

What is its equal among the tensions of a test? What can hold a candle to it when fear has gripped the mind? As London was being pounded to rubble by the German bombers, how did the people console themselves? When fires raged through the city of Chicago, by what means did harassed men comfort their minds and dare to hope? Thumb in mouth, they faced the future, and bravely prepared to rebuild their shattered homes!

I salute the thumb, a veteran of every war, and a hero in every disaster. Unwept, unhonored, and unsung, it has nevertheless earned a place in the hearts and mouths of multitudes.

## *Escape*

BY JOSEPH P. JOHNSON, '51

THREE MINUTES to go! Three more minutes, and he would be free from this foul chamber, if he could remain undetected. He glanced at his fellow-inmates; sweaty, downcast. He would not succumb to their fate.

His thoughts were interrupted by a dark shadow which loomed ahead. The guard! If he were caught now, his chance of escaping would be *nil*. He would be no better than the soaking wet, miserable creatures with whom he was confined. The blue-uniformed guard was approaching, looking to the shadowy sections of the dim room, hopeful of catching a shirker and making an example of him. The guard

came nearer; the would-be escapee pressed closer into the shadows. Then it happened! The guard's attention was diverted to another part of the enclosure. He sighed with relief. In about one minute the signal would be given, and the doors opened. He could then walk out a free man, for the guards would have left.

The seconds crawled by. Would the doors never open? Finally, the signal was given; the guards left their posts at the doors. He walked out, elated. He looked upon his fellow-prisoners with scorn. He had not been subjected to the same torture as they; his body bore no evidence of the ordeal. He had escaped his "phys-ed" shower.

# The Saturday Night Mouse

BY THOMAS S. DOHERTY, JR., '51

EVERY SATURDAY night, Mom and Dad spend the evening out, and I am left to babysit my fifteen-year-old sister. Every Saturday night, without fail, a mouse in the kitchen starts nibbling cellophane halfway through Sid Caesar, which is indeed a bad place to nibble cellophane. No other night does this occur but Saturday, when I am all alone by the television. And punctually, as the noise starts, I get out of my easy chair and search for the cellophane, but to no avail. Two, three, four times this happens; and, on the fifth look, I catch sight of the mouse and chase him through the kitchen, dining-room, living-room, and hall, ending in the bedroom—usually hitting my sister in the face with a broom. And this action is repeated week after week, as if by schedule.

(—"Pardon me, but what's this mouse's name?"

"Name?"

"Like Mickey or Minnie—a name!"

"I suppose that, just because Walt Disney has to give a name to every animal he sees, I have to, too? How should I know the mouse's name? The only one that should know is the mouse's mother, and I haven't met her yet. What a stupid question!"

"You may continue with your story.")



One Friday night, the folks decided to see "King Solomon's Mines", and I had to break a dance date, but I asked the girl over to watch television. You see, I don't want it said that my girls have to amuse themselves when I ask them out. We were sitting on the couch watching the bullets whiz on Ford Theatre, when a racking noise began.

"What's that noise?" asked the girl.

"Somebody in the next room is cleaning his machine-gun," I remarked as I stared at the gushing blood.

"But they're standing on a beach!"

"Maybe it's something in the set. There's always a noise whenever a plane passes, or a car starts outside, or someone lights a pipe within a five-mile radius."

"It's coming from the kitchen."

"But the television set is right here!" And then I knew! But I didn't feel like looking until the girl talked so much that I missed the stool-pigeon's dying words. I had to get up and look four times before she was satisfied there was no one trying to "burglary" the pantry. The crackling began again, but I sat. In a few minutes it stopped; evidently the mouse sensed something was wrong, for soon he bounded into the living-room, bounded onto the coffee table, and cocked his head with a look that asked, "Well, what do you think you're trying to pull tonight?"

A horrifying scream, and the girl was standing on the couch. Realizing I should have no peace until I had done away with the mouse, I grabbed an old copy of "House Beautiful" and galloped down the hall, swinging at the mouse's tail. Five minutes later I was still running (with considerable loss of dignity and chinaware) to the tune of "Catch him, catch him. Don't let him get away! Hit him! Hit him! Swing! There! Ooooh, you almost got him then!"

When my mind had cleared enough to let me realize that the losses incurred by the chase would far exceed the gain, I came to a fast halt and crept back into the living-room.

"I quit!" I panted. "I'll never get that mouse; and if I keep chasing him, I'll just break more dishes."

"I quit, too!" she retorted, and charged out the door. Women hate mice, and they want men who can get rid of them.

(—"What kind of men do female mice want?"

"My good woman, I am not a zoölogist!"

"You're no kind of a story-teller, either!"

"Nevertheless, I shall continue.")

A strange change took place. One night Mom heard a dog barking and looked for an hour before she gave up.

There was no dog around, but something was barking in the house. Of course, I found the answer the next Saturday night, when I was minding house.

Halfway through Imogene Coca, the barking began, and I knew it was my old friend. When I saw him, he was chewing dog biscuits. I am not a psychiatrist, but I have an idea that the Friday night caper so upset my mouse's mental status that he thought he was a dog.

(—"And so, the girl came back, because she was dying to see Ed Sullivan. Then, on your seventeenth birthday, when you got your draft notice, you married the girl; and then, when you came back, you settled down in a bungalow with a doghouse for the mouse. And, by putting the mouse in a dog show, you won millions and fame."

"Precisely!")

## *Rebuttal*

BY CONRAD GELLER, '51

December last, after thirty days  
Of evanescent sun, damp wind, clear night,  
The snow descended granular and white  
Upon astounded towns devoid of sleighs.  
A much restricted world of rondelays  
And parlor games and talk of what is right  
Awakened breathless, embryonic, bright—  
To think regretfully of coming Mays.

So softly God will come, without a word,  
To spread a carpet for his trackless feet  
And leave no symbols of what had been there:  
Except the hieroglyphics of a bird,  
And rising phantoms on a sleeping street,  
And fences in an attitude of prayer.

# *Making Enemies*

BY JOSEPH P. JOHNSON, '51

**M**ILLIONS OF DOLLARS are spent by deluded fools who seek to be "the life of the party." The real secret of being popular is a) to forget that you are a "jerk," b) to be servile enough to praise people, c) to appear pleasant to people whom you do not care for. Having read these rules of amiability, you now inquire: "Who wants to praise a dodo with no more brains than a sub-par idiot? Why put up with an obnoxious individual, just to keep him on my side?"

Barring the possibility of murder by your enemies, I can see no good reason for going out of your way to cultivate friendships. Therefore, I introduce the "J. Patrick Johnson method" of making enemies. This method is not a mere list of rules, for the field of enemy-making can never be stereotyped. The following are a few suggestions by the author, who has laudably evinced scorn from hordes of mortals.

Face-making, if expert, is the most effective method of demonstrating antipathy. The simplest way, and probably the best, is, upon being introduced to an individual, to curl your lip. If done well, this will involve a curling of the nose, as if you were sensing some undesirable odor. After the results of this simple gesture the reader will observe the truth of the proverb, "Actions speak louder than words." Before dealing with further methods, it should be stressed that demonstrations of distaste

must, although plain, retain an air of intangibility, lest the disapproval be glaringly evident; for, no doubt, many of the reader's enemies-to-be will be larger and more pugilistic than he.

Our next step in the development of animosity occurs after a handshake with an undesirable. Instead of merely releasing your grip, slide the hand off his, as if trying to wipe off some loathsome substance. Insult may be compounded by wiping your hand with your handkerchief.

In other fields of enemy-making the author can give you a few hints for ridding yourself of obnoxious characters. Continually interrupting a person's speech always merits a glare or two. Looking at a person and suddenly bursting into a fit of violent laughter may be listed as one of the more discomforting gestures of superciliousness (watch your false teeth on that one!).

This dissertation has dealt so far in polite and semi-polite methods of evincing dislike. Some of the ruder (and larger) pupils try stepping on the victim's heels as he walks, making cynical comments on his discourse, or even bursting out with a contempt-laden and menacing "Hit the road!"

Enough of my time has been consumed in giving advice to the ambitious; I have no more pearls to cast. I have business to attend to: a duel at two o'clock, a fist-fight at three, "Russian Roulette" at four . . . .

# *Verses*

BY ERNEST M. POTISCHMAN, '52

## I

If some one took my Math book  
And threw it to the sky—  
And if it landed in a brook,  
Math would still be dry.

## II

"Go away," the onion cried;  
"Your love I cannot be.  
The pumpkin is my lawful bride:  
You cantelope with me."

# Peace

BY HENRY S. HEIFETZ, '53

**N**EAR THE MOULDERING mass of ruins sat two men, squatting crosslegged. Their clothes were ragged and dirty. Grime and sweat obscured their countenances. Across the face of one was a livid mark, which gave his mouth an odd twist and seemed to pull it out of shape. He of the scarface turned to his companion. Well, the war is over. We have survived."

The other man turned; and, as he did so, his empty right sleeve flapped in the breeze. "Yes, the war is over. Our people are dead. Our country is ruined and despoiled. But we have survived."

"Come, my friend; there is no need for bitterness. True, the war was terrible. But we have been lucky; we are still alive."

"True, but what is left to us?" His voice broke, and a tear began to trickle down his rough, square face.

Scarfie reached over and slapped his friend on the back. "Take courage. Things are not so bad. I suppose we must look to Heaven for help . . . But-but-it has all been so futile."

His companion looked up. "Futile?"

"Yes, war has been so futile. I have been thinking, my friend, that all this carnage and death was utterly needless. The power-mad ambition of a few half-insane demagogues threw our land into the accursed maelstrom of war. War! The word itself expresses nothing but madness."

"But it has always been so. Every war has been the result of the machinations of those few in power, who consider the lives of their political inferiors cheap."

Scarfie sat musing for a space, then suddenly looked up and laughed. His dirty mouth twisted the laugh into a caricature of ironic amusement. "Here we are, talking like a pair of philosophers. The world would certainly have been much better if kings and diplomats had fought wars instead of their people, but there is no need to talk about such things any more."

His companion nodded. "Yes, our enemy has suffered as much as we. But that was the last war that will ever defile the earth. With such terrible weapons of destruction, no country will risk another war. The only result must be utter annihilation. No, it cannot happen again."

Scarfie expressed agreement. A solemn tone entered into his voice. "War is finally banished from earth. That is something great, indeed. The thing that destroyed our land has done it. The world may well be thankful for this invention, the invention of gunpowder."

He turned to his friend. "Come Chi-Hsi; let us go."

The two ragged Chinese arose and, turning their backs on the ruined city, slowly wandered off into the distance.

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# EDITORIALS

## *Just Another Memory*

It is three P. M., January 30, 1985. We are in the midst of the Third World War. The final bell has sounded at Boston Latin School, and the students have left for home. As I walk down the corridor, my footsteps echo along the cold stone floors. Some of the classroom doors are open, some are closed; some have held Latin classes, others English classes and the rest. During the day they were filled with sounds of life; but now they have a bleak, disconsolate, foreboding air. The rows of brown desks sit alone. A shiver of an unexplainable apprehension runs up and down my spine as I walk down the great front steps and put my hat on my greying head. I think of memories Latin School holds for people, living and dead.

In the distance, the ominous roar of many aircraft comes closer and closer; the wail of the air-raid siren is lost in the screech of falling missiles; and an ear-splitting crash rends the air as the horrible rumbling of falling masonry makes Latin School just another memory.

## *War and the Student*

In these times of crisis and of impending violence perhaps no one group is more affected than students throughout the country.

The all-too-manifest probability of a decided interruption in their education, to serve in the armed forces, is a more than disconcerting factor in the minds of millions of boys today. The problem is serious enough when we consider high school seniors who will serve before entering college. The situation assumes larger proportions in the case of college undergraduates obliged to suspend their education during what is probably the most important of its phases. Graduate students, about to achieve their lifetime ambitions, backed by years of study and of learning, face a postponement of entrance into fields of their choice. It is a most serious situation.

An interruption in students' plans is not the most important aspect of the problem. Although colleges guarantee readmission of returning veterans, they cannot possibly expect all students to return. Some, discouraged, will lose all desire to complete their education; others, unfortunately, will become even more disastrous casualties of war.

Regrettable, as it is, that a need for military training has arisen, no one can do anything to eliminate or to repudiate it. The students must, therefore, make the best of the situation. Students must not become dismayed; they must carry on.

Unhappiness, disappointment, and idleness are not the solution. Diligent study, integrity, earnestness of purpose must be the only course. They can and should prepare themselves to be a credit to their country. While in school, the student must fix in his own mind a firm desire to complete his education after his term of service.

The student must realize that upon him rests the future of the nation and the world. After helping to restore peace, it is his duty to aid in preserving it. Let students look upon service in the armed forces as an opportunity to serve, as a part of their basic education, and as a constant reminder of the inestimable value and security of peace.

## *Prejudice*

Racial prejudices have no basis in fact or in logic. They stem from blind, unreasoning suspicion of anything strange or different. Racial and religious bias creates a barrier against better understanding among the nations of the world. Wherever there is widespread ignorance, prejudice is invariably found.

Although the ideal Utopia of the philosophers may be impossible, a tremendous step could be taken towards a united world through education of the young. If the ingrained prejudices of the elders are not instilled in the child, he will not acquire them. Eliminate ignorance and absurdity, and you will eliminate prejudices.

## *Remember*

George S. Rosen '53

When you go to Heaven,  
    You will likely view  
Many folks whose presence there  
    Will be a shock to you.  
  
But keep very quiet;  
    Do not even stare.  
Doubtless there'll be many folks  
    Surprised to see you there.

---

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### MARK FRANCIS RUSSO

Teaches English in Room 306 . . . Lives in Jamaica Plain. Married, "of course". Three girls and one boy . . . Graduated English High, '16 . . . B. C., '21 (M.A., '22) . . . Teachers' College, '47 (Ed.M.) . . . —Outside interests: dramatics. Interested in the presentation of plays, professionally and semi-professionally. Great interest in fraternal and charitable organizations . . . Enjoys singing in Barbershop Quartets . . . Feels the school hasn't changed. "Boys will always be the same; some will appreciate, others won't." Has greatest compensation when his students succeed in later life . . . Advice: "There is no substitute for hard work."

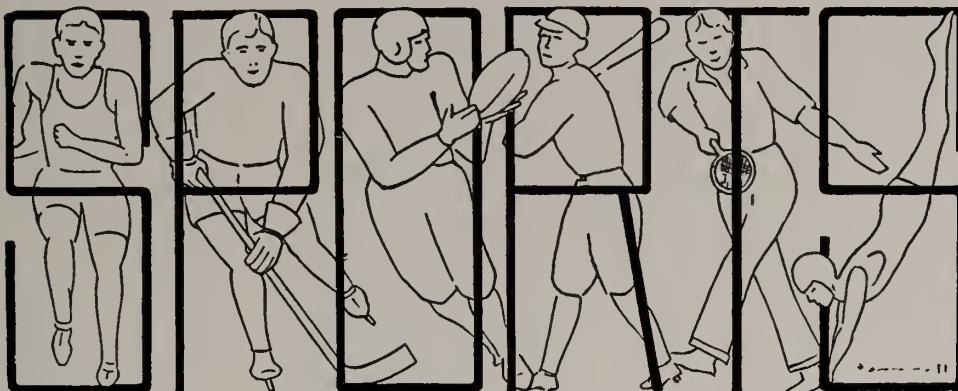
### THOMAS RUSTON PENNYPACKER

French teacher, Room 303 . . . Home in Middletown, R.I. Married; has four children—two boys, two girls . . . Cambridge Latin, '12 . . . Harvard, '16 (A.B. '16; A.M., '30) Captain in USNR . . . Served actively, World Wars I and II . . . Outside interests: radio, electronics, aviation. Working to get civilian pilot's license . . . Feels that "school's standards have become greatly liberalized." Advice to students: "Speak less and listen more."



### ALBERT LEO TAYLOR

Teaches English and French in Room 331 . . . Resides in West Roxbury. Married, has one son . . . Graduated from English High, '25 . . . B.C., '29 (A.B., A.M.) Hobbies: walking, reading, television . . . Sergeant in Army, World War II . . . Doesn't think students study as hard as they should . . . Advice: "Study harder."



*Lack of space has prevented us from including minute accounts of all games. Complete season's scores are included, however, on pages 22 and 23.*

## Basketball

### Latin Opens With Win

January 4, 1951

An aggressive, well-balanced Latin quintet opened the 1951 season by sending a veteran Commerce five down to defeat in a well-played but hard-fought game at the Latin School.

In the opening minutes, our neighbors from across the Avenue found little trouble in building up a 7-3 lead against a seemingly green and disorganized Latin team. Sparked, however, by veterans "Mike" Semans and Capt. "Jim" Faltin, our boys nibbled away at the Commerce lead until, by the end of the period, they trailed by a mere 12-11 count.

In the second quarter, however, with no more than three seconds left to the half, and the score tied at 20 all, "Mike" Semans thrilled the crowd as he dropped in a neat one-hander from center court. As he walked off the floor at half-time, the scoreboard showed that this basket had given us a very slender 22-20 lead.

For the remainder of the game, the Latin quintet was an efficient machine. The shooting was good, the passing excellent, and the defense more than satisfactory. Sharp-shooting forward Walter Donlan and Paul O'Donnell greatly assisted the reliable Semans and Faltin in maintaining the lead. In the

closing minutes, with the score 42-36 in Latin's favor, Mike Semans threw in the "clincher"—another fine one-hander from thirty feet out. Latin then proceeded to "freeze" the ball; and when the clock ran out, the final score read: Latin-45; Commerce-40.

#### —OFF THE BACKBOARD—

Our Jayvees were humbled as Daly, a former Latin School boy, led Commerce to an 18-15 victory . . . The varsity game was delayed for a few moments when the timer's clock went on the blink. Coach Patten, however, solved the problem when he flipped the clock over and wound it up . . . Bouquets of roses to Steve Dwyer, Dick Brooks, Jack Crogna, and Jim Daly for their fine job in controlling the boards for Latin.

#### LINE-UP

Line-Up	F. G.	F.	Pts.
Thomas, r.f.	0	0	0
Donlan, r.f.	3	1	7
Faltin, l.f.	2	4	8
O'Donnell, l.f.	2	1	5
Brooks, c.	1	0	2
Crogna, c.	0	1	1
Dwyer, r.g.	1	0	2
Daly, r.g.	0	0	0
Semans, l.g.	6	8	20
Totals	—	15	45

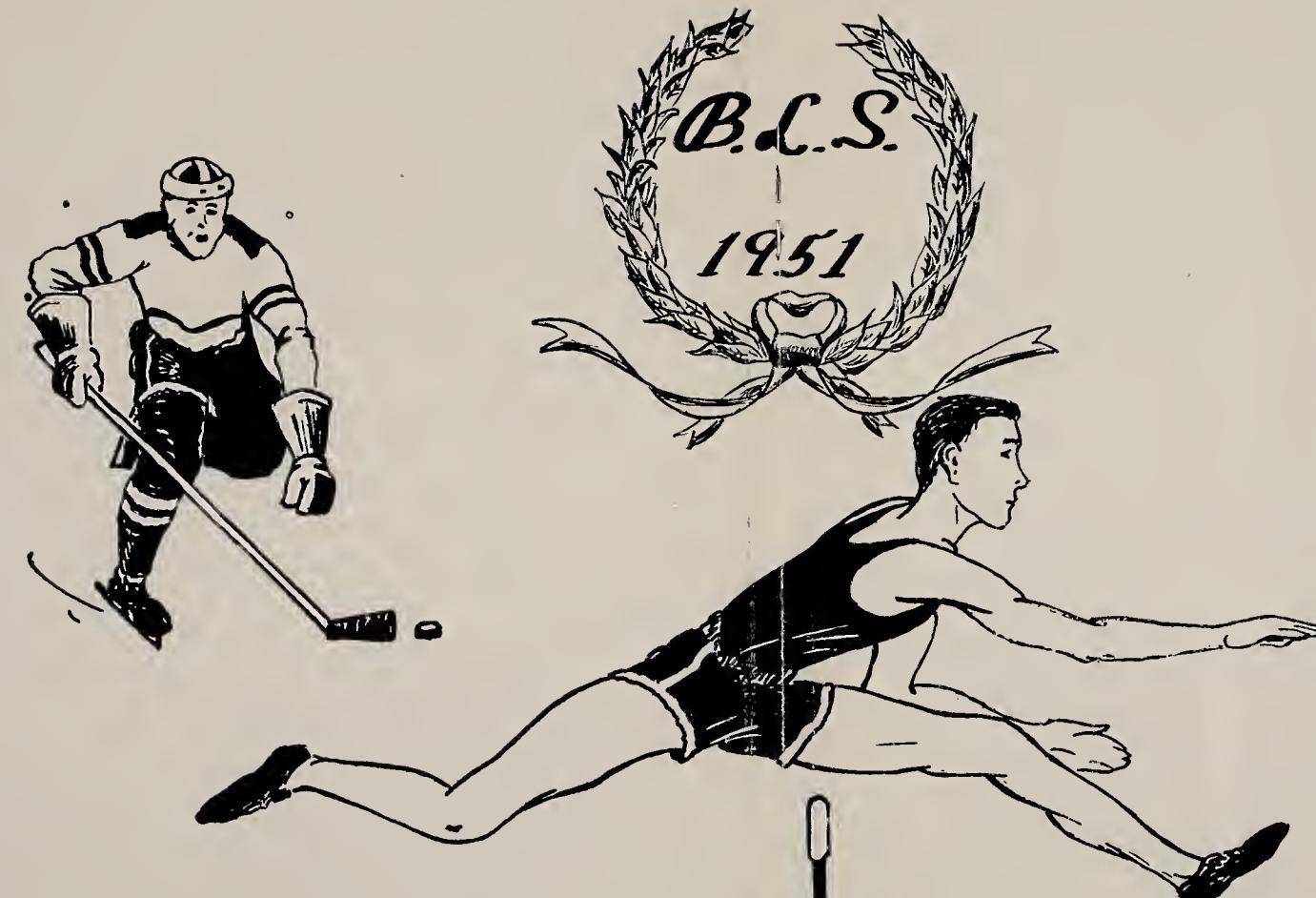


## BASKETBALL

Jan. 4	Latin 45	Commerce 40
Jan. 9	Latin 34	Dorchester 35
Jan. 11	Latin 33	B.C. High 38
Jan. 16	Latin 52	Trade 41
Jan. 19	Latin 42	Technical 61
Jan. 22	Latin 49	Memorial 50
Jan. 25	Latin 57	English 63
Jan. 30	Latin 35	B.C. High 43
Feb. 2	Latin 37	Dorchester 49
Feb. 5	Latin 57	Commerce 37
Feb. 9	Latin 53	Memorial 61
Feb. 12	Latin 51	Technical 40
Feb. 16	Latin 72	Trade 34
Feb. 27	Latin 34	English 45

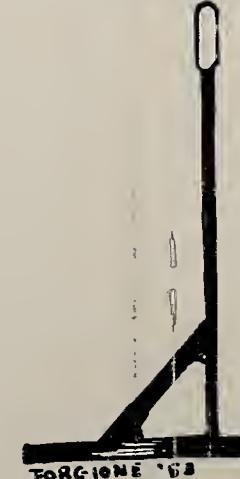
WON 5

LOST 9



## HOCKEY

Jan. 5	Latin 8	Memorial	1
Jan. 12	Latin 2	*Technical	3
Jan. 19	Latin 5	Trade	0
Feb. 2	Latin 3	Commerce	0
Feb. 9	Latin 7	Dorchester	0
Feb. 19	Latin 7	English	0
Feb. 28	Latin 0	Mal. Cath.	4
* Forfeit	Won 6	Lost 1	Tied 0



## TRACK RESULTS

First Meet	Latin	Won	167½ Points
English Meet	Latin	Won	121 Points
Third Meet	Latin	Won	136 Points
Reggies	Latin	Won	76½ Points
Quad Meet	Latin	Won	110½ Points

## Latin Drops Thriller

*January 9, 1951*

A high-spirited Latin five suffered its first defeat of the year, a heart-breaking 35-34 decision, to a fast Dorchester quintet at the Boston Arena. A combination of Dorchester height and extremely poor lighting proved just enough to edge out our boys.

The game started auspiciously, as the Purple and White, paced by Dick Brooks, jumped out to a quick 15-6 lead. At this point, Dorchester started to press more closely; and only some effective work at the foul-line by Steve Dwyer and Mike Semans enabled Latin to walk off the floor at half-time with a 21-17 edge.

The game was lost, however, in the decisive third period when Dorchester suddenly came to life, dropping in nine points to our four. At the start of the final quatrain, our big center Dick Brooks was forced out of the game on fouls, placing the scoring burden on the capable shoulders of Junior Jack Crognaile. Jack came through beautifully by banging in two rebounds and scoring another basket on a neat lay-up. Nevertheless, the scoreboard showed that Dorchester still maintained a slim 34-33 lead with but a minute and a half left to the game. An exchange of foul shots found Dorchester in control of the ball with the Purple and White pressing very closely. After some very clever defensive work, Latin once more managed to gain possession of the ball.

The clock showed ten seconds remaining when Mike Semans let go a two-hander from center court. The crowd watched with baited breath as Latin's last shot at victory rode through the air. A cry of heartbroken dismay rose from the Latin bench as the ball hit the rim and bounded high in the air. The final score once again: Latin, 34; Dorchester, 35.

### —OFF THE BACKBOARD—

Our hapless forwards had their troubles. Their shots were continually knocked down by those towering Dorchester guards . . . The Latin cause was helped immeasurably by the Dorchester center's inability to sink foul shots. In all, he missed 15 out of 23 . . . The Arena jinx still prevails. The glass backboards, slippery floor, and poor lighting have contributed heavily to many of Latin's losses on that court.

### LINE-UP

Line-Up	F.G.	F.	Pts.
Thomas, r.f.	0	2	2
Donlan, r.f.	0	0	0
Dickey, r.f.	0	0	0
Faltin, l.f.	0	0	0
O'Donnell, l.f.	0	0	0
Fitzgerald, l.f.	0	0	0
Brooks, c.	3	1	7
Daly, c.	0	0	0
Semans, r.g.	3	4	10
Keefe, r.g.	0	1	1
Dwyer, l.g.	1	3	5
Crognaile, l.g.	4	1	9
Totals	—	—	—
	11	12	34

## Latin Whips Trade

*January 16, 1951*

The Purple and White once more jumped on the victory trail today as they sent a hapless Trade quintet down to a resounding 52-41 defeat. The game was extremely close for the first two periods, but the obviously superior B.L.S. five pulled away in the third quarter and coasted to a comparatively easy victory.

Coach Patten, in a surprise move, inaugurated a three-platoon system, com-

prised of Seniors, Juniors, and Sophomores respectively. Each platoon used a floating zone-defense which proved so effective that a full six and one-half minutes had ticked off before Trade scored its first field goal. The Purple and White, however, could not seem to get a formidable attack rolling; and, with Trade School hitting with remarkable regularity from the outside, Coach Patten was forced to abandon

both his platoon system and his zone-defense. Thus, despite some excellent shooting by Al Thomas and Dick Dickey, B.L.S. could not shake loose from the persistent hoopsters from Trade School. The score at half-time read: Latin, 21; Trade, 20.

In the third quatrain B.L.S., sparked by stalwarts Mike Semans and Dick Brooks, really put on the pressure, outscoring Trade, 18-7. Semans and Brooks accounted for eleven of these points. Mike flipped in three very pretty driving lay-ups, while Dick came through with a free-throw and two jump shots from the foul circle.

Mr. Patten, in an attempt to keep the score down, cleared the bench in the final period. Substitute Center Jim Daly took up the scoring chores by dropping in three baskets from the bucket. Jack Crognaie, Walter Donlan, and Bob Fitzgerald all helped in maintaining Latin's comfortable lead.

#### OFF THE BACKBOARD

Joe Keefe's valiant Jayvees met defeat for the third straight time as they were outscored, 25-21 . . . For the first time in years, B.L.S. turned to a zone-defense. Although Coach Patten was compelled to return man-to-man, the zone proved very efficient for the short time it was used.

Line-Up	F. G.	F.	Pts.
Faltin, r.f.	0	1	1
Thomas, r.f.	3	0	6
O'Donnell, r.f.	0	0	0
Semans, l.f.	5	0	10
Donlan, l.f.	1	2	4
Schnider, l.f.	0	0	0
Daly, c.	4	0	8
Brooks, c.	3	2	8
Crognaie, c.	1	3	5
Keefe, r.g.	0	0	0
Dickey, r.g.	1	2	4
Dwyer, l.g.	2	1	5
Fitzgerald, l.g.	0	1	1
Manazir, l.g.	0	0	0
Totals	20	12	52

## Latin Toppled By Tech

January 19, 1951

The Latin School basketball squad journeyed to the Irvington St. Armory, only to be thrashed by Boston Technical High School, 61-42. The Technicians, playing with the finesse of professionals, put on an exhibition which belied their mediocre 1-3 record.

The Purple and White again set up an impenetrable zone defense, but once more were forced to abandon it because of some unbelievable shooting. If ever Latin was destined to lose a game, this was it. Set shot after set shot swished through the basket with heartbreaking regularity. Out of the thirty-four points scored by Tech in the first half, all but ten were netted from at least twenty feet out.

Coach Patten, sensing the imminent defeat, rested his Seniors in the second half and gave the lower classmen some much needed experience. Al Thomas and Jim Daly again came through with heroic performances, but in a losing cause. When final tabulations were taken, the scorebook showed that nineteen points separated the two teams.

#### OFF THE BACKBOARD

Our Jayvees finally broke into the victory column, as "Lefty" Bryant and Merv Weiner paved the way to a thumping 31-4 decision . . . For the second time this year, the team was hampered by extremely poor lighting. Add to this the dampness of the huge Armory, and you have very unfavorable playing conditions . . . Jim Daly, who scored ten points, and Al Thomas, who contributed nine, greatly strengthened their positions as far as starting berths for next year go.

Line-Up	F. G.	F.	Pts.
Faltin, r.f.	0	0	0
Thomas, r.f.	4	1	9
Donlan, r.f.	0	0	0
Crognaie, l.f.	2	0	4
O'Donnell, l.f.	2	0	4
Brooks, c.	1	1	3
Daly, c.	5	0	10
Dickey, c.	0	0	0
Semans, r.g.	2	2	6
Keefe, r.g.	0	0	0
Wolf, r.g.	0	0	0
Dwyer, l.g.	2	0	4
Fitzgerald, l.g.	1	0	2
Manazir, l.g.	0	0	0
Ttotals	19	4	42

## Latin Misses Again

*January 30, 1951*

Playing without the services of 6' 1" Jack Crogale, the hoopsters of B.L.S. were vanquished for the second time this year by Boston College High School. Football stars Frank Furey and Bill Crowley paced the Eaglets to a convincing 43-45 victory.

B. C. High completely dominated play in the first half as they out-pointed the Purple and White, 28-18. The Eaglets' great height advantage was put to good use as their big men cleared the boards and tapped in rebounds just as effectively as in the first encounter between the two squads. Jim Faltin and Mike Semans did their best to stem the tide by throwing in eleven of Latin's eighteen points. The big difference in the first half score, however, can be traced to the free-throw department, in which B. C. High clicked for eleven out of fifteen charity shots. Strangely enough, those eleven points provided the very margin by which Latin trailed.

The Purple and White struggled to get back into the game in the second half, but they were able to knock only three points off B. C.'s imposing lead. Jim Faltin picked up where he left off in the second period as he dropped in

six more points to make him high-scorer for Latin. He and Al Thomas sparked the club in the last period as B.L.S. countered nine markers to B. C. High's five. Latin's inability to cut the Eaglets' lead even more was probably because Mike Semans and Dick Brooks could pick up only five points between them in the second half. As Mike and Dick go, so goes the team.

### OFF THE BACKBOARD

Mike Semans fouled out for the first time this year while Jim Faltin must have set some sort of record when he committed five fouls within four minutes . . . Jack Crogale's height was really missed today. Jack, who is in the hospital with an infected arm, is not expected to play against Dorchester . . . Our Jay Vees' winning streak was snapped at two games as they were nosed out 25-23.

Line-Up	F. G.	F.	Pts.
Faltin, r.f.	4	3	11
Donlan, r.f.	0	0	0
O'Donnell, l.f.	1	0	2
Thomas, l.f.	2	0	4
Fitzgerald, l.f.	0	0	0
Brooks, c.	2	1	5
Daly, c.	0	0	0
Semans, r.g.	3	2	8
Dwyer, l.g.	2	1	5
Totals	14	7	35

## Latin Romps

*February 5, 1951:* The championship of Avenue Louis Pasteur was clinched today as B.L.S. walloped Commerce before a handful of rabid rooters at the latter's gym. Dick Brooks, scoring seventeen points, paced Latin to a 57-37 triumph.

The game began in spectacular manner as the teams set a furious pace throughout the first period. Jack Crogale, playing his first game in over a week, waged a private duel with Paul Morrison, Commerce forward. Jack fouled out in the middle of the second quarter, while Morrison was paralyzed with four fouls for three-fourths of the game.

It was evident that one of the teams had to weaken; fortunately, it turned out to be Commerce. The Purple and White slowly pulled away in the second period, turning the game into a rout in the second half. The score at half-time read: Latin, 28; Commerce, 20.

Dick Brooks started things in the third quatrain as he banged in rebounds and cleared the boards. Latin's advantage grew to fifteen points as Mike Semans and Jim Faltin put on a fancy display of shooting. Coach Patten benched the starting five in the last quarter and allowed substitutes to finish. Walter Donlan, Joe Keefe, and Norm Shnider all played well.

## OFF THE BACKBOARD

Inspired by their coach's admirable showing in the varsity game, our Jay Vees downed the Commerce little men, 35-31 . . . The small gym proved ideally suited for Latin's 2-1-2 zone as that defense really clicked for the first time this year . . . Beating Commerce by twenty points at their home court is quite a feat. As some of the old timers may recall, it was there that Latin's 1947 Tech Tourney team lost its only league game.

Line-Up	F. G.	F.	Pts.
Faltin, r.f.	3	3	9
Donlan, r.f.	1	1	3
O'Donnell, r.f.	0	0	0
Thomas, l.f.	2	0	4
Cognale, l.f.	0	2	2
Shnider, l.f.	0	1	1
Brooks, c.	8	1	17
Daly, c.	1	1	3
Dwyer, r.g.	0	0	0
Manazir, r.g.	0	0	0
Keefe, r.g.	0	1	1
Semans, l.g.	7	2	16
Fitzgerald, l.g.	0	1	1
Wolf, l.g.	0	0	0
Totals	—	—	—
	22	13	57



## Memorial Wins

*February 9, 1951:* The Boston Latin School basketball team lost all chances of ending the season with a .500 percentage as they were humbled by Roxbury Memorial High School, 61-53. B.L.S. started and finished the game like a ball of fire; yet the Purple and White cagers were unable to overcome the lead that Memorial had built up in the second and third periods.

Paced by Al Thomas and Mike Semans, Latin fought Memorial to a virtual standstill in the first quarter. In

the opening minutes of the second period, however, quick baskets by Thomas, Semans, and Dick Brooks gave Latin a short-lived 18-13 lead. It was the first and only time B.L.S. found itself on the long end of the score as the offense fizzled and the defense fell apart at the seams. Memorial proceeded to build up a 27-20 half-time lead as they registered fourteen points while our staggering hoopsters could find the basket for only one field goal.

After a brief intermission, the two

teams renewed festivities with a vengeance. In a torrid second half, Memorial racked up thirty-four points to Latin's thirty-three as Marshall Karesky, one of the league's leading scorers, sparked the Green and Gold with fifteen points of his own. Al Thomas and Dick Brooks kept Latin up there; but Memorial was not to be outdone as Karesky and Co. kept "swishing 'em in." Faced with a twelve point deficit in the final period, Coach Patten gave the sign for an all-court press. Dick Dickey came up with the ball in the Memorial back court to drop in an easy lay-up. Jim Faltin got into the act as he scored first on a fast break and then followed with a steal under the Memorial basket for another two-pointer. But the ever-present Mr. Karesky iced the game by scoring Memorial's sixty-first point on a gift lay-up.

#### OFF THE BACKBOARD

Deprived of services of "Lefty" Bry-

ant, who has moved up to the varsity, our Jay Vees absorbed a 46-21 shellacking . . . Latin's high scorer for the day turned out to be that flashy forward, Al Thomas. Al hit for thirteen points, eight of them in the second half . . . The Memorial athletic fund was bolstered by the admissions collected from the many Latinites who took in the game. Speaking of paying admissions, it seems that Latin has come up with a new manager. How about that, Ronnie . . . ?

Line-Up	F. G.	F.	Pts.
Faltin, r.f.	3	2	8
O'Donnell, r.f.	0	0	0
Thomas, l.f.	6	1	13
Crognale, l.f.	2	0	4
Brooks, c.	4	4	12
Daly, c.	0	1	1
Dickey, c.	1	0	2
Dwyer, r.g.	1	0	2
Semans, l.g.	4	1	9
Fitzgerald, l.g.	1	0	2
Bryant, l.g.	0	0	0
Totals	22	9	53

## English Cops Finale

*February 27, 1951:* English High School, defending Boston Conference champion, won its fourteenth game in as many starts by vanquishing B.L.S., 45-34; but the tourney-bound Blue and Blue were held to their lowest score of the year in a loosely played game at the Boston Garden.

Our arch-rivals certainly did not play like champions in the first half of the contest as they fouled frequently and threw away many scoring opportunities. The Purple and White hoopsters were definitely not playing a good game, and English's inability to roll up the score was a surprise to all. A full two minutes of play had elapsed before Dick Brooks flipped in the first points of the game on a push shot from the bucket. Two foul shots by Al Thomas, another basket by Brooks, and two-pointers by Mike Semans and Jack Crognale proved enough to give Latin a 10-8 lead at the eight-minute mark. The amazing thing about the first quarter, however, was

that the high-scoring English quintet was able to register only one field goal.

In the second period, the Blue and Blue put on a tremendous spurt as they outscored B.L.S. 17-11, for a four point half-time edge. Three minutes before the end of the half, Latin was on the short end of a 21-17 count, but Al Thomas threw in a one-hander from twenty feet out to cut the margin down to two points. Jim Daly then brought the house down by knotting the score at twenty-one all on a spectacular one-hand going-away shot from the side. But with fifteen seconds left in the period, Carl Klunpp, English center, tapped in a rebound and then stole the ball under his own basket for an easy lay-up to give English their aforementioned four-point lead.

The second half provided very little in the way of thrilling basketball, as English outpointed the Purple and White, 20-13. The champions' four-point lead grew to ten in the third quar-

ter as they hit for five baskets in thirteen shots against Latin's three out of twenty. Many of the reserves earned their varsity letters in the final period. These undaunted substitutes turned the game into a wild free-for-all; but luckily enough, the final buzzer sounded before any one was fatally injured.

#### OFF THE BACKBOARD

Jack Cognale, star end of last Autumn's football squad, was elected captain of next year's hoop team between the halves of the game . . . Walter Donlan, Latin's plucky little forward, sustained a painful injury in the last period of today's game when he dislocated a finger of his right hand . . . Captain Jim Faltin, performing in his

last game for the Purple and White, fouled out in the third period. Jim, who has played his heart out in each game this year, deserves the highest praise.

Line-Up	F. G.	F.	Pts.
Donlan, r.f.	0	0	0
Thomas, r.f.	1	2	4
Bryant, r.f.	0	0	0
Cognale, l.f.	1	0	2
Fitzgerald, l.f.	0	0	0
Shnider, l.f.	0	0	0
Brooks, c.	4	3	11
Daly, c.	2	0	4
Dickey, c.	0	0	0
Faltin, r.g.	1	1	3
Dwyer, r.g.	0	0	0
Manazir, r.g.	0	0	0
Semans, l.g.	5	0	10
O'Donnell, l.g.	0	0	0
Keefe, l.g.	0	0	0
Totals	14	6	34

## High-Lights of the Season

In the annals of Latin School basketball, Mike Semans' output of 173 points (67 field goals and 39 fouls) is second only to "Elmore" Collins' 204. The other high-scorers break down as follows: Dick Brooks (Class II), 113; Jim Faltin (Class I), 71; Al Thomas (Class IV), 67; Jack Cognale Class II), 57; Jim Daly (Class II), 50; and Steve Dwyer (Class I), 38. As you can see the majority of these boys will be back next season. Their experience of

this year should go a long way towards giving Latin a great team.

Now that the season has come to an end, let us pay tribute where tribute is due: To the entire squad, for giving Latin School a team it may well be proud of; to the squad's four Seniors—Captain Jim Faltin, Mike Semans, Steve Dwyer, and Joe Keefe for the precious time which they so unselfishly gave; to Coach Patten for priceless advice; and to Managers Jim Potter, Bob Simons, Paul Greene, and Bill Strang.

## The Bradford Hotel

extends its best wishes  
to the Register and its staff

J. F. CONLAN—Manager  
CLASS OF "24"

# Hockey

## Latin Wallops Memorial

*January 5, 1951*

The Boston Latin pucksters made their 1951 debut by soundly trouncing Memorial, 8-1. The Purple and White, displaying two fast-skating lines and a hard-checking defense, controlled the ice handily.

In the opening minutes, Gerry Mahoney drew first blood by slapping in a loose puck at 1:03. Latin began to press in; and Art Tallas, skating superbly, beat the Memorial goalie at 4:01 on a solo, to put us ahead, 2-0.

The second period saw our team clicking. Excellent passing and stick-handling earmarked the play, and Art Tallas got his second goal on a blazing lift from the blue-line at 3:24. At 5:54, Trites of Memorial broke through to score the only Roxbury goal. Eager to retaliate, the Latinites skated in, and Ed Coakley scored at 7:47, assisted by Tallas. A face-off, and Gerry Mahoney again tallied, this time driving the disk into the Memorial nets at 8:10. Jim Moynihan, not to be outdone by his defensive mate, blasted a shot by the Roxbury net-tender at 9:57; and the period ended with Latin on top, 6-1.

In the third period, Latin salted the game away. Paul Foley made the red light flash at 4:04 with an assist going

to Hardiman. Some fast skating, and Ed Coakley joined the 2-goal group by slamming in his second score at 9:58, assisted by Andrews. The game ended with Latin far out in front, 8-1.

### ICE CHIPS

Gerry Mahoney, Art Tallas, and Ed Coakley each got two goals, while Tallas chalked up an assist also . . . Moynihan and Tallas played a great game defensively, keeping Goalie Donnelly out of any serious trouble . . . Frank Mahoney, though not scoring, played a great game at center. Frank came close several times, but Lady Luck wasn't looking. Brother Gerry really deserved those goals, for he was all over the ice, fighting like a tiger . . . a good crowd turned out to cheer Latin to victory; and the team gratefully acknowledged their support by winning handily.

LINE-UP: Fechtor, l.w.; F. Mahoney, c; G. Mahoney, r.w.; Tallas, l.d.; Moynihan, r.d.; Donnelly, g.

Alternates: Coakley, Foley, Hardiman, Hickey, Baker, White, Sadovitz, T. Kelley, Andrews, Looney, P. Kelley, Schroeder.

## Latin Roams By Commerce

*February 2, 1951*

In a game they had to win the Purple and White turned on the steam and fought out neighbor Commerce, 3-0.

"Old Reliable" Gerry Mahoney started us on the right road by scoring at 2:10, Frank Mahoney and Shel Fechtor assisting from the side of the net.

The period was filled with some excellent hockey. Both teams played hard and cleanly, and Latin came through with good defensive play when necessary.

At 8:41 of the second period, Frank Mahoney took a high, bouncing pass from Gerry Mahoney and popped it

in for Latin's second point. Commerce then tried hard to get back into the game, but Gene Donnelly played goal masterfully and kept the wolf from our door.

Shel Fechtor scored our last goal, assisted by Gerry Mahoney at 1:42, by playing a rebound beautifully. The period ended with Latin skating hard to salt it away and Commerce trying its best to tie it up.

#### ICE CHIPS

The whole first line scored, and they

also got the assists. A very productive outfit, what? . . . Gene Donnelly did some good goaling, as usual, and added another shut-out to Latin's record . . . The goodly crowd was well pleased with the game . . . That championship doesn't look so distant now.

LINEUP: F. Mahoney, c; G. Mahoney, r.w.; Fechtor, l.w.; Tallas, l.d.; Moynihan, r.d.; Donnelly, g.

Alternates: Coakley, Foley, Hardiman, Baker, Andrews, Sadovitz, White, Daniels.

## Latin Drops English

*February 19, 1951:* Scoring twice in each period, the Purple and White pucksters gained the title of City Champions by whipping tradition-rival, English, 6-0.

The first goal was scored by Gerry Mahoney at 1:33, with an assist going to Fechtor. Gerry tallied again at 4:52. He skated in fast, circled around the English net, and dumped the disk by the goalie from the right side. The Latin defense was as tight as a drum, and English couldn't get passed our blue line successfully. Before the period ended, Latin turned on an excellent passing display, but the Blue and Blue goalie staved off the scoring attempts.

An English cheer went up as the second period began, but instantly a red light announcing a Latin score flashed on. Shel Fechtor took the zip out of the cheer as he received a pass from Frank Mahoney and dropped the puck in for a score at only 0:09. Fechtor again registered at 8:25, gaining the punch from Jim Moynihan and scoring in a mad scramble in front of the net. The period was fast and clean. Gene Donnelly shone by making several good saves to thwart English's scoring efforts.

In the third period, Coach Thomas, feeling that a bit of clemency wouldn't hurt, skated his third and fourth lines frequently. But first-stringer Art Tallas had his say at 4:23, when, taking a pass from Jack Hardiman, he lifted a streaking shot into the nets from the blue line.

In the waning seconds of play, Paul Foley ended it all by scoring nicely on a solo at 9:50.

Latin's defense was good as Moynihan and Tallas backed up the "little guys" and kept them out of trouble. As the siren sounded, a victorious Latin team jubilantly left the ice, having won 6-0 and proudly bearing the title of City Champions.

#### HAIL CHAMPS

Among the many well-wishers in the dressingroom, Mr. McKim congratulated the team. He said they had been great all year, were great in the final game. All that would be needed was the same style in the coming tournament . . . Gerry Mahoney again roamed the four corners of the ice. Brother Frank and Shel Fechtor did some fancy skating also, to give the team a magnificent first line . . . Jim Moynihan played defense like a "pro". He was on the ice every time that we were short of men, and he skated behind the third and fourth lines. The score shows the result of his defensive backing . . . Much credit is due Coach Thomas, who, taking over the coaching job, master-minded the team into the championship . . . Hearty congratulations to the whole team, an example of co-operation and fighting spirit.

LINE-UP: F. Mahoney, c; G. Mahoney, r.w.; Fechtor, l.w.; Tallas, l.d.; Moynihan, r.d.; Donnelly, g.

## Latin Downed

*February 28, 1951:* A superior Malden Catholic team downed Boston Latin at the Arena in the Metropolitan Tournament.

The first period opened fast. Catholic started to come in, but our defense held. Latin then tried and were stopped. Catholic then broke and came in fast. Donnelly saved, but M.C. scored on a rebound. After the face-off, Latin pressed but couldn't click. Catholic then scored again on a lift from the right that went over Donnelly's shoulder. Stand-outs of the period were Jim Moynihan for his good defensive work and Frank Mahoney for his great ice-circling, driving play.

In the second period, Malden broke away early and scored on a right-side sweep. Coach Thomas, realizing that Gene Donnelly didn't have it, put in Norm Sadovitz. Norm, however, was greeted with a screened slap-shot that registered. Latin then tried to score. Paul Foley broke away on a solo, but the M.C. goalie saved. Malden roared back, only to be thwarted by a brilliant piece of goal-tending turned in by "Sady". Jerry Mahoney broke away on a solo, also, in the closing minutes; but the Catholic goalie kicked it out.

In the third period Malden controlled

most of the play. Norm Sadovitz was stupendous here, making many marvelous saves. Though Latin was working as a good defensive unit, they were unable to score.

The game ended with the Purple and White downed, 4-0.

### DROPS FROM THE SHOWERS

Norm Sadovitz was the star of the game. His expert goal-tending in the second and third periods was more than adequate, but the offensive part of the team failed. Norm made many great saves and turned in one of the best goalie jobs of the year . . . The second line played a great game. Center Jack Hardiman kept them fighting with his scrappy, driving play . . . Jim Moynihan and Frank Mahoney turned in their usual good stints . . . Latin's inability to score seemed to stem from the fact that the M.C. team was much bigger . . . A hearty cheer for the team, though; and "better luck next year"!

LINE-UP: Donnelly, g; G. Mahoney, r.w.; F. Mahoney, c; Fechtor, l.w.; Moynihan, r.d.; Tallas, l.d.

ALTERNATES: Coakley, Foley, Hardiman, Sadovitz, Baker, White, Marr.



# Track

## Latin Impressive In First Appearance

*January 15 and 16, 1951*

In the opening meet of the season at the East Armory, Latin School gave every sign that it would be a top contender in track competition this year, by topping its nearest opponent by over 70 points. The Purple and White garnered a total of  $167 \frac{2}{3}$  points, as Tech was taking  $94 \frac{5}{6}$ , and Dorchester  $29 \frac{1}{2}$ .

In Class A, Bob Rittenburg won the hurdles and the high jump, while Roger Joy took points in both of these events. Chuck Arena came in first in the "300", and Barry Quinilan did the same in the "600". In the mile, Leon DeCordova and Joe Kirk took first and second, respectively. Carl Seils paced himself well to win the "1600". Don Taylor and Frank Krajewski scored in the "440". Buzz Barton won the shotput, with Phil Boyd also scoring; and Vin Palermo scored in the "600". The relay team—Arena, Smith Taylor, and Rittenburg—easily took first. This excellent showing in Class A indicated that the team has the balance it has lacked in previous years.

In Class B, Paul Rosenthal, Pete Mealwitz, and Charlie Nicolas took first, second, and third in the hurdles, with Rosenthal and Mealwitz tying for

third in the high jump. Otis Gates and Chet Rose both picked up points in the "440". Max Morfield tied for first in the high jump, and finished second in the "220". Bob Orfant and Jerry Simches took first and second, respectively, in the shotput. In the broad jump, again Latin topped the field, as the first three places went to Vin Falcone, Jim Connelly, and John Fox. The relay of Morfield, Falcone, Gates, and John Kirk finished second.

In Class C, Latin School boys copped all the places in the "20". Harvey Krasneger was followed across the finish-line by Marv Speigel, Herb Monroe, and John Boussy. Art Mayo, a great prospect, won both the broad jump and the dash. Bill Minichiello was the winner in the hurdles. Mike Miller and Mike Edelstein, besides scoring in other events, tied for first in the high jump. Al Horwitz took second place in the "176" and the broad jump. Larry Abramson and Ed Green tallied in the shotput, along with Burt Schwalb. Don Evans, Ralph Bennett, Charlie Smith, and Walt Silva all contributed to the score. Edelstein, Horwitz, Boussy, and Mayo sped to victory in the relay. The victory was made easy by the amazing scoring power in the field events.

## Latin Downs Mighty English

For the first time in the history of their track rivalry, Latin School bested English High in a City track meet. The final tabulation gave Latin 121 points, English  $120 \frac{1}{3}$ , Roxbury Memorial  $39 \frac{1}{3}$ , and Dorchester  $13 \frac{1}{3}$ . Latin had a sizeable lead built up in the field events, but English kept clo-

sing the gap of points during the races. The Blue and Blue, much to the delight of the Latin rooters, fell apart short by  $\frac{2}{3}$  of a point.

In Class A, Bob Rittenburg won again in the hurdles and the high jump. Roger Joy took second in each of these events. Leon DeCordova ran one of

the most exciting races of the day, as he overtook Arnold Howe of English on the last lap of the "600", only to be beaten at the tape in a photo finish. Carl Seils ran second in the "1000", as did Fred Smith in the dash, and Charlie Arena in the "300". Barry Quinlan and Don Taylor scored in the "600" and "400" respectively. "Buzz" continued his supremacy over the field in the shotput. Mel Miller placed second in the broad jump. The relay team, in the last hectic race of the afternoon came in second.

In Class B, Max Morfield and Paul Rosenthal tied for first place in the high jump. Rosenthal also took the hurdles, with Charlie Nicolas and Pete Mealwitz scoring in this event. Jack

Kirk tied for second in the "440". Vin Falcone copped the broad jump, and Bob Orfant won the shot put. The relay team finished third.

In the Class C high jump, Walt Silva took first place as Charlie Smith tied for second, and Hal Goldberg also scored. Bill Minichiello won in the hurdles. Art Troiano and Larry Abramson tallied in the shotput. Art Mayo was again a double-winner, in the "176" and the broad jump. Harvey Krasneger and John Boussy both scored in the "220". Al Horwitz came in second in the broad jump and won the dash, in which Mike Edelstein also scored. The relay placed second. In this meet, the team again demonstrated its balance in each class, a sure sign of a winning combination.

## Latin Wins Again

*February 7 and 8, 1951*

Although weakened considerably by a wave of sickness and injury, the Latin School track team showed its great depth by sweeping through the opposition at the East Armory. Latin finished with 136 points, ahead of Trade with 92, Commerce with 46, and Dorchester with 23.

In Class A, Roger Joy won the hurdles and took third in the high jump. Dick Morante and Lou Circeo finished second and third, respectively, in the hurdles. In the "300", Charlie Arena came in first, as Frank Krajewski also scored. Don Taylor placed second in the "440". Carl Seils won the "600", and Joe Kirk took third in this event. Barry Quinlan scored in the "1000". Mel Miller took second in the broad jump; as did Bob Rittenburg, despite an injured foot, in the high jump. Phil Boyd won the shotput. Fred Smith finished second in the dash, and the relay team also took second place.

In Class B, there was continued success in the hurdles and high jump. Paul Rosenthal took first place in the

hurdles and third in the high jump. Charlie Nicolas placed second in the hurdles. Pete Mealwitz won the high jump and also scored in the hurdles. Max Morfield finished second both in the high jump and the "220". Jack Kirk and Roger Delholm both picked up points in the "440". Vin Falcone won the broad jump, in which Jim Connolly also tallied. Bob Orfant and Jerry Simches scored in the shotput. The relay finished second.

Bill Minichiello took third in Class C hurdles. Art Mayo continued his spectacular showing by winning the broad jump and taking first in the "176", running his third record-breaking time in three outings. Harvey Krasneger and John Boussy ran one-two in the "220". Al Horwitz won the dash and took third in the broad jump. Don Evans also scored in the dash. Ed Howard won the high jump, while Walt Silva and Marshall Krasnow tied for second in this event. Art Troiano won the shotput, and Burt Schwalb also placed in it. The relay came in first.



Photo by New York Times

## Latin Wins Quad Meet

*February 13 and 16, 1951*

Latin School ended its regular season undefeated, by scoring  $110\frac{1}{2}$  points, to  $81\frac{1}{2}$  for English,  $58\frac{1}{2}$  for Tech, and  $46\frac{1}{2}$  for Trade. The teams, however, were not at full power, because many were bound for the Nationals in New York.

In Class A, Chuck Arena won the dash; Bob Rittenburg tied for first place in the high jump; Roger Joy came in second in the hurdles and third in the high jump; "Buzz" Barton won the shotput; Fred Smith ran third in the "300"; Len DeCordova took a second in the "600"; Carl Seils finished third in the "1000"; Mel Miller took second place in the broad jump; Barry Quinlan placed third in the mile; and the relay team came in third.

In Class B, Paul Rosenthal won the hurdles, followed across the finish-line by Charlie Nicolas; Bob Orfant and

Jerry Simches were one-two in the shotput; the high jump was swept by Latin School, as Pete Mealwitz took first, followed by Otis Gates, Max Morfield, and Paul Rosenthal. Morfield also placed second in the "220". Vin Falcone again won the broad jump. In the "440", Roger Denholm took second. The relay finished fourth.

In Class C, reliable Art Mayo was once more a double victor in the broad jump and in the "176", in which he made a record-smashing time. Al Horwitz took second in the broad jump and won the dash. Art Troiano won the shotput, with Larry Abramson second and Charlie Manazir fourth. Bill Minichiello took third in the hurdles. In the high jump Ed Howard finished second; Mike Miller, third; and Charlie Smith, fourth. The relay took first place.

## Latin Wins Reggies

*February 13, 28, and March 3, 1951*

Climaxing the most successful season in its long history, the Latin School track team came through to win the City Championship. Latin School had  $76\frac{1}{2}$  points—with English High, by far its closest opponents, trailing by  $4\frac{1}{2}$  points. Victory for Latin was in jeopardy when both the Medley relay team and the Class C relay team were disqualified, and when a few unforeseen mishaps occurred; but the team managed to hold on to part of the substantial lead garnered in the field events.

In Class A, Captain Bob Rittenburg tied for first in the high jump and ran second in the hurdles. Chuck Arena scored in the "300", as did Len DeCordova in the "600". Roger Joy took third in the high jump; "Mel" Miller placed third in the broad jump. Buzz Barton took first place in the shotput.

In Class B, Paul Rosenthal won the hurdles, and "Charlie" Nicolas placed third in the same event. Pete Mealwitz tied for first in the high jump. Otis Gates took third place in both, that event and the "440". Max Morfield tied for fourth in the high jump and came in second in the "220", after prospective point-scorer Bob FitzGerald fell at the first corner. "Bob" Orfant took second in the shotput, and Vin

Falcone did the same in the broad jump. The relay took second.

The Class C sensation, Art Mayo, besides winning the broad jump, lowered the "176" record in a trial heat, and then proceeded to break his own record. The final record—20.4 seconds—seems destined to last for a long time. In the dash, Al Horwitz took first place; and Don Evans took third. Horwitz also placed third in the broad jump. Ed Howard finished second in the broad jump, and Mike Miller and Charlie Smith tied for third. Art Troiano won the shotput, and Larry Abramson placed fourth. After much shuffling of members, the two-lap relay team ran and finished fourth.

Besides Mayo's record-breaking effort, two more records were equalled by Latin School boys. Al Horwitz ran the Class E dash in a Record 5.9 seconds; and Bob Rittenburg equalled the 6.6 seconds hurdles record in a trial heat, although, in the final heat, because of a poor start, he was beaten in a spectacular upset.

At the closing of the indoor track season for Latin School, not enough credit can be given to Coaches Fitzgerald and Carey for their tireless efforts in molding such a great track squad.

## Success In Outside Meets

Besides finishing undefeated in regular meet competition, Latin's tracksters did well in other meets. In the Fargo Meet; the Northeastern Meet, in which we took third; and the State Meet, in which we took second—distinguishing themselves were Carl Seils, Art Mayo, Bob Rittenburg, Chuck Arena, and Buzz Barton. In the State Meet, Rittenburg established a new

hurdles record of six seconds, flat.

In the Nationals at Madison Square Garden in New York, Bob Rittenburg, acting as a team of one man, became national hurdles champion and shared first-place honors in the high jump, singlehandedly almost winning the national team championship for Latin School. As it was, B.L.S. finished second.

# Alumni Interviews

DR. ALBERT DAMON '34

BY WARREN G. MILLER, '51, AND CONRAD GELLER, '51

The unwieldy equipment of a *Register* photographer drew the attention of a bespectacled, dark-haired young man, and we introduced ourselves to Dr. Albert Damon. His full-length white coat and the stethoscope protruding professionally from his pocket made him look like the other "medics" who filled the main lobby of the Beth Israel Hospital.

This friendly Dr. Damon led us into a quiet waiting-room. There he began to talk in a fluent, low voice about his life at Latin School, speaking highly of our own Messieurs Marson and Levine and of our late General Penney. Dr. Damon was Managing Editor of the literary staff of the *Register*. We concluded that he must have been highly competent; for we learned later that he had received a grade of 100% in the English College Boards—when Boards were Boards. Asked about the advantages of a Latin School education, the doctor explained; "Perhaps I am a rare bird, but I liked the classical languages, and always regretted not taking Greek or another year of Latin in college. Had I done so, I believe I could now pick up a Latin book and read it for pleasure. As it is, had I the time, I think with a little work I could read the language. After all, the classics are the basis of Western civilization." He spoke of the years of study saved by being able, upon entrance, to fulfill the language requirements of universities. At one time he had to speak only German for three months and then realized, more than ever, the advantage of his three years of the language at B.L.S. The doctor could not overstress the importance of foreign languages in scientific research.

After being graduated from Latin School in 1934, Dr. Damon spent four

years at Harvard College, where he majored in sociology; but he became interested in anthropology when he took a course under Professor Hooton, called "Physique and Hereditary Mental Defects" or "The Study of 98 Old Female Morons." He received his A.B. with high honors in sociology in 1938.

His sound Latin School training now came to his assistance when he won a Henry Fellowship for one year's study at Oxford. While at Oxford, he played lacrosse and rowed on his college crew; but his chief interest was definitely determined when he left Oxford in 1939, the proud possessor of a Certificate of Honors in Physical Anthropology.

"I then traveled through almost every country in Europe," the doctor told us, "and was in Moscow when the war broke out; but after a time, I obtained passage on a reconverted warship of the Kaiser's, made my way back to England, and from there, to the States."

At this point your reporters felt that



some information about the doctor's main interest would be of assistance in following his course of later studies. Briefly Dr. Damon compared the histories of anthropology and medicine.

"Anthropology is a relatively recent field, which got tremendous impetus in the last century when Darwin published his Theory of Evolution. The study is concerned mainly with racial difference and with relating physique to mental and physical behavior.

"Medicine is largely concerned with determining who gets certain diseases and what to do about it. After centuries of research medical science is in a state of diminishing returns. Heart disease and cancer, now the chief killers, are both caused by internal degeneration of the individual and not at all affected by external elements.

"My interest is in combining anthropology with medicine. In this way we hope to determine exactly who breaks down internally, why he does, and how to prevent such physical deterioration. Kretschmer, an Austrian psychiatrist, first proved, by research in a psychiatric institute, that definite physical and anthropological traits are characteristics of those suffering from various mental diseases. Hooton, at Harvard, was among the first to develop the field; and Sheldon, of the University of Chicago, applied Kretschmer's principle to other diseases. A new field is thus opening—a field fraught with possibilities for improvement of the health and happiness of mankind."

With the desire to join the ranks of the few scientists in this new field of *Constitutional Medicine*, Dr. Damon applied himself during the following years. After returning from Oxford, he took a split degree in Statistics and Physical Anthropology at Harvard.

In 1940 the United States Navy employed Professor Sheldon to assist it in a plan for selecting pilots according to physical characteristics. Dr. Damon worked with the great anthropologist on this project. They studied photographs and records of thousands of Navy fliers; and, surprisingly enough, they found that the better fliers did possess certain physical traits and that the

best pilots had those traits in the greatest degree.

In 1941 Damon spent six months at Chicago, taking a course on Human Development, which included and related "biology, psychology, anthropology, and many other 'ologies'." During the same period the Air Force employed Professor Hooton of Harvard in a project similar to that of Sheldon's with the Navy, but more concerned with the construction of cockpits, turrets, and escape hatches, and with the manufacture of oxygen masks, flying suits, parachutes, etc. So much anthropological research was involved that only six men in the country had had sufficient training to be of service. Dr. Damon was one. Again he was called away from his long quest for a Ph.D. degree in Anthropology to do more important work. He was obliged to abandon a complex thesis for which he had been gathering thousands of statistics.

Dr. Damon—commissioned a second lieutenant in the Air Force and later a captain—measured pilots throughout the country, climbed about in the cramped cockpits of planes, compiled statistics, and helped generally to better flying conditions. In France during the invasion and in England in the days of the *Buzz Bomb*, he was under fire several times. Toward the end of the war he examined new jet planes with a view toward safer and more comfortable flying. The system of schedules and statistics which he had helped to compile was soon adopted in many countries around the world.

Dr. Damon, honorably discharged in 1946, returned to the University of Chicago where he finally wrote his doctor's thesis on "Physique and Success in Military Operations" and received his hard-earned Ph.D. in Physical Anthropology. He was now ready to begin his study of medicine, which he realized was essential to success in his field. In 1946 he entered Harvard Medical School, and he is now taking his Senior year at the Beth Israel Hospital. He is also doing research at the Massachusetts General Hospital, is active in the Public Health School at

Harvard, and is consultant to the Armed Forces Board on Epidemic Trauma. Next year Dr. Damon intends to serve as interne at Massachusetts General Hospital and then to join Professor Sheldon in Chicago.

Despite his extensive, time-consuming study, the doctor finds time to ski, play squash for the Harvard Medical School team, and play the clarinet. "So you see," he concluded, "I have done nothing so far but study, and now I am anxious to get out and see what I can do."

It was clear to us that the gentleman had no strong desire for material gain. By "what I can do" he means the part he hopes to play in bettering humanity and in advancing civilization. We were convinced that we had spoken with a man who will soon be great—truly great; for he will join the ranks of those researchers who devote their lives to study, regardless of acclaim.

To a distinguished alumnus Latin School says. "Good Luck, Dr. Albert Damon."

## Alumni Notes

BY CONRAD GELLER, '51

Bennett Cerf, in the *Saturday Review of Literature*, tells this amusing story about Howard Lindsay, '07: It seems that Mr. Lindsay, whose memory for names is so foggy that he calls everybody Herb (except his friend Herb Mayes, whom he addresses as Jerry), was seen at a party in close conversation with an actor who was thought to be one of his bitterest enemies. They seemed on the friendliest of terms, and many were glad to see that the two had finally "buried the hatchet," when Lindsay whispered in his wife's ear, "Who was that fellow I just was talking to, anyhow?"

\* \* \* \*

Thanks to the Harvard University News Office for the following bulletins:

Edward J. Coughlin, '46, was elected sports editor on the executive board of the *Harvard Crimson* last fall. He began his work on this famous publication in February.

The Harvard Catholic Club, an organization offering a religious and social program for Catholics attending the college, chose Robert Tomasello, '47, as Vice-President.

Also of the Class of '47, Alexander Traverso, is Secretary of the *Harvard Advocate*, the oldest college publication in the United States. The *Advocate's* primary and traditional purpose is to

to be an outlet for serious literary work of the Harvard undergraduate body.

Burton Malkiel and Alan Bell, those prolific playwrights of the Class of '49, have joined the staff of the Harvard Radio Network, which operates Radio Station WHRB. The student network celebrated its tenth successful year of broadcasting last December.

Edward Berman, '47, who is remembered here for his melodious tenor voice and vigorous rendition of "Celia" some years ago, carries on as a member of the Harvard Glee Club.

\* \* \* \*

At Amherst College, the list of those who have left the halls of B.L.S. to win acclaim continues. Donald Weiss, '49, is to receive the William C. Collar prize for translation from a Greek author; and David Anderson, '46, will get the Anna Baker Heap award for the best essay in the field of Art, and the Clarence T. Heisey prize for excellence in design.

\* \* \* \*

Two members of the Class of '48 have been named scholars of the second rank at Yale. They are Robert Bush, active in the university's Political Union; and Richard Brilliant, a Phi Beta Kappa man who interests himself in the Political Union and the Linguistics, German, and Classics Clubs.



Hats off to our sturdy gladiators! Our hockey team (the best in years) slammed its way into another City Championship . . . The Purple and White trackmen defeated the traditionally formidable English High to carry top honors in the "Reggies". Little Art Mayo cracked his own record in the Class C 176 with 20.4. "Stringbean Bob" Rittenburg, although upset in the Regimental meet, fought his way to a double crown in the U.S. A.A.U. National Indoor Track competition, winning the 50-yard hurdles and tying in the high jump . . . The chess team won again . . . What bitter rival will now dare cry "peaches and cream"?

\* \* \* \*

The fourth of our traditional Public Declamations was witnessed by Classes V and VI on Friday, January 19, 1951. The speakers in order, were Theodore Herman, Richard O'Keefe, Bernard Geller, Stephen Klass, Anthony Giordano, Richard Levine, Myron Cohen, Frank Lyons, Robert Gargill, Cornelius Sullivan, Albert Moren, and Harvey Tattlebaum.

\* \* \* \*

The Washington and Lincoln exercises in the Assembly Hall were enlivened considerably by addresses by Edward Goodman and Richard Karp. Also on the program was our beloved Edwin C. Johnson of the Class of '00, in rare form as he formally dedicated a bronze statue of Lincoln in behalf of the Latin School Association.

\* \* \* \*

*Quickie Department:* Harry Tattlebaum won an American Legion Dis-

trict finalist medal for his speech entitled "The Constitution in a Changing World." Besides his active participation in the oratorical field, Harvey augments his studies at the Hebrew Teachers College, where he is an executive officer . . . Good reason exists for the three-platoon system in the lunchroom. The 1950 Catalogue shows another increase in the student body; present facilities must be stretched to meet the added weight of the attendance sheets . . . The Honor Society is considering a fund-raising project . . . Aaron Auernbach of Class II has gone to Israel as one of a group of twenty-five young men from the United States and Canada . . . Heard on the third floor (with apologies to the R.R.R.):

Mr. "Van", *solch ein guter professor,*  
Cut his nose with a very sharp *messer*;  
Then he cried in alarm,  
"This will come to great harm  
"If it doesn't turn out any *besser*."

\* \* \* \*

For the past ten years, as a member of the Columbia Scholastic Press Association, the Latin School Register has won either a second prize or better. Once again the *Register* proudly announces the receipt of a first-place ranking in the 1950-51 contest. The award is an indication of the excellence of our magazine. In the Association's world-wide Literary Contest Tom Powers, a Senior, has taken top honors for his story "Au Revoir," which appeared in the Christmas Issue. Much credit is due the entire *Register* staff, its contributors, and its patient advisers.



## REGISTER'S RAVING REPORTER

D. Lyons  
W. Moran

*Nov. 21:* I'm back again, you lucky people! Ye *R.R.R.* is ready to crawl, scratch, and beat his way through another column. Well, let's go, Mr. and Mrs. North and South sides of the building and all students at sea!

*Nov. 22:* Amid cries of "Yea!!", "Rah!", and "Doherty for Secretary-Treasurer!" the football team was given its send-off for the fray with English High on Turkey Day.

*Nov. 27:* An enthusiastic student body was delighted to learn that they may now join the Coin Club. Because of class pictures, the impending January Boards, Class Dues, etc., homeroom masters had to explain to the members of Class I what coins are.

*Nov. 28:* Copies of Sturdley's "Ode to a Meatball" were given to delighted prize-winners of the previous year.

*Nov. 29:* Rumor has it that the Aardvarks, long denizens of Room 235, have now emerged on a school-wide basis. The Literary Staff of the *Register*, may well be proud of its representation in the aforementioned society, the omnipotent Grand Snoot and the Prominent Proboscis both being regular writers.

*Nov. 30:* The powers-that-be again remind us that misdemeanors such as dropping fellow-pupils out of windows or tantalizing timid teachers will not be tolerated. One mark will be imposed on the day of the offense.

*Dec. 1:* After cynical comments as to his intelligence, Ye *R.R.R.* wishes to state that the noun *vulgaris*, which ap-

peared in the last *R.R.R.*, is sometimes masculine despite contrary claims.

*Dec. 4:* When aspirants to the Track Team met today, Ye *R.R.R.* was entered as a candidate for the shotput, by his friends, who say that he has no equal in throwing it.

*Dec. 6:* Haggard faces on certain Seniors are not due to "Phys-Ed", but to marathon Scholastic Aptitude practice tests taken after school each day.

*Dec. 7:* After seeing a few of the Juniors who have made the basketball team, we can see why Coach Patten plans to have the ceiling raised.

*Dec. 8:* The latest school story concerns three ineligible football players watching the English-Latin game. Grumbled the B.L.S.-er: "If it wasn't for that physics!" At which the Tech stars moaned, "If I coulda passed that algebra!" Concluded the E.H.S. scholar, "Da-a-a did you guys ever hear of subtraction?"

*Dec. 11:* Our artist friend from 334 sends us this poetic puzzler:

I hear that the chemists have worked out a way

Of making snow on a cold, cloudy day;

My comment, of course, is, "Now isn't that grand!"

But, each time I slip on the *trottoir glacé*,

I wonder if they couldn't make snow with sand.

*Dec. 12:* According to a well-informed

source, this conversation occurred on a streetcar:

*Teacher:* "You there, don't you see that sign, 'No Smoking'?"

*Pupil:* "Yes, but over there there's a sign saying 'Wear Suspants', and I'm darned if I'm going to do that. So why obey either of them?"

*Dec. 13: Heard in English class:*

*Teacher:* "Are you sure that work is original?"

*Pupil:* "Yes, sir."

*Teacher:* "Pleased to meet you, Mr. De Maupassant."

*Dec. 14:* Fifty-five new members were inducted into the Honor Society. The vernacular of the school is more and more appreciated when Yours Truly realizes that writing this column comes under the heading of "Service to the School."

*Dec. 15:* Friday blues again! Four tests in four periods isn't fair! But that isn't all! In the afternoon *Ye R.R.R.* was subjected to basketball with an aggregation of friends thirsty for revenge after the preceding Monday's drill period. Ooooh!

*Dec. 18:* Daily meetings in the "Salle de Registre" are becoming rather interesting, now that our bewhifflled friend Doherty is beginning to recount some impressions of a trip after leaving Vantine's. They set out for the—NO, NO, LET GO OF MY THROAT; I WON'T TELL!!!

*Dec. 19:* Latest puzzle is a French Christmas card, which goes thus: Happy ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRS TUVWXYZ. Have you guessed yet? Well, you'd better; because I'm not telling.

*Dec. 20:* Marks close soon, and we can see the Christmas influence as green-faced pupils gaze at red report cards.

*Dec. 21:* The 301 and 304 Association, otherwise known as the National Honor Society, met in 206. After hearing long-winded orators disseminate upon controversial subjects, *Ye R.R.R.* subscribes to a plan now proposed, which begins like this: After they are thrown into the shark-filled pool, then we . . .

*Jan. 2:* Back from a hectic vacation. Those groans in the background arise

from the B.U. and Mass. State hopefults who spent the vacation studying for the Scholastic Aptitude C.E.B. *Quelle joie!*

*Jan. 3: The statement of the year, heard in 312:*

"Well, what would happen if the hydrogen bomb set off a chain reaction and all the oceans dried up?"

"There'd be a land boom."

*Jan. 4:* To add to their misery, Class I is being subjected to Military Education tests to determine if officers are fit to retain their jobs. Do you still have my last year's corporal's stripes around, Ma?

*Jan. 5:* "Fama est" that the French giants of 301 are about to produce a serial for television, entitled, "The Adventures of Joey Maupassant", starring "Big Marv".

*Jan. 8:* "Fearless" Faltin, nominated to collect dues from Honor Society members, may be seen any homeroom period lurking about the corridors, bullwhip in hand.

*Jan. 10:* Among Seniors taking wrestling in phys-ed, one is reported to be consuming three Hoodies per day to reach a higher weight class so that he may meet one of his less ingratiating classmates.

*Jan. 12:* Those little lights going around and around!!! Yes, Lt. Cannon; we mean those radar pictures. For the sake of our sanity, cut them out, will you? please? Pretty, please?

*Jan. 15:* The Camera Club is sponsoring a new contest. The rules: (1.) All photos must be taken with a camera (reasonable, *n'est-ce pas?*) (2.) All competitors must be students at Boston Latin. (3.) Any boy not named Jack Carp will be disqualified.

*Jan. 16:* Yes, it's true. "Hoppy" has decided to begin sight tests in Latin. The "Four Horsemen" of 301 are circulating handbills to the effect that "We want 'Elongated Jack'".

*Jan. 17:* Three more English books today! What is that guy trying to do? Establish a library?

*Jan. 18:* Most members of Class I paid twelve "simoleons" to take the March Boards. After paying his fee, one Senior remained standing at the desk

until notified that the answers were not part of the bargain.

*Jan. 19:* The "Duck-Soup Congress" held its daily meeting to determine answers to the physics problems.

*Jan. 22:* Lieutenant Cannon has reminded Yours Truly that it is not good form to try to impale one's company on the fence when drilling outdoors.

*Jan. 23:* Practice tests and more practice tests! Several Seniors are reported suffering from an accute form of "Muzzeyitis."

*Jan. 25:* Reports on the January Boards, beginning to drift back to Ye Olde Dungeone, indicate one consoling factor for those who plan the March Boards: They can't do worse. (Or can they?)

*Jan. 26:* Yours Truly has just filled out his achievements for the *Liber Aetorum*. Well, I entered, anyway!

*Jan. 29:* Do not be surprised if you see Seniors squatting in corners, crying "Bakshish!" Those taking social studies have exhausted funds buying review books for the Boards.

*Jan. 30:* Well, what do you know? *Ye R.R.R.* was informed that dropping one of his classmates on the master's desk is not approved.

*Jan. 31:* Services were held for two lower classmen who walked by Senior homerooms, whistling "You're in the Army Now."

*Feb. 1:* News having leaked out that individual quotations for *Liber Aetorum* are in the process of being written, scores of wild-eyed wretches are seen stalking into 235 daily, frantically muttering, "What did they write about me?"

*Feb. 2:* The underground reports that the Honor Society is to produce a talent show in the near-future. One of the featured acts will be the rendition by the George Maranis Trio of "Wildroot Cream Oil Charlie."

*Feb. 5:* The writers of the class quotations again come into the news: They are being protected by the Phys-Ed "A" class, all those who "clench and unclench the fists" without wincing.

*Feb. 6:* Our hats off to the member of Class I who has been able to resist

education to the point that, after six years of Latin, he still is ignorant of the meaning of "aqua". We won't divulge his identity; shall we, Marty?

*Feb. 7:* The hallowed halls of B.L.S. resounded today with the news of the forthcoming lunchroom system. No one is yet able to figure out how the third-floor inmates are to reach the lunchroom without trespassing on the first and second floors. One ingenious student was seen entering with a parachute.

*Feb. 8:* In accordance with the new eating schedule, a quasi-Gestapo has been formed to keep stragglers from the corridors during homeroom periods. The only effective password is "Phil sent me."

*Feb. 9:* One of the most promising scientists of the school has devised a handy little gadget *yclept* a "Dunn-finder". We don't believe that any machine could have that range, but it's a good idea.

*Feb. 12:* The Upper Classes were treated to the annual eulogies of Washington and Lincoln, plus a talk by the effervescent Mr. Johnson.

*Feb. 13:* Maybe last year's class was not exactly terrific, but this year's crop isn't covering itself with glory, either. At least that's what the powers-that-be claim. Oh, well; there are always North Overshoe and Mrs. Amadoon's.

*Feb. 14:* With the basketball scandal reaching the headlines throughout the nation, suspicious glances are being cast at Latin School. Coach Patten denied that he is keeping "Jim" Potter on the bench to give the opposition a chance.

*Feb. 15:* Wonder of wonders! A recent courtesy copy of a girls' school magazine shows that the Staff deems portions of a previous R.R.R. worthy of reprint! We always have admired feminine intuition.

*Feb. 16:* Notice: No phone calls may be made to the office concerning pupils, unless in emergency, such as death, in which case, the corpse must first be presented to the office.

*Feb. 17-25:* What do you expect—this tripe on holidays, too?

*Feb. 26:* Cards for diplomas were filled out today by the members of Class One. One celebrated equestrian is already preparing a "horse" for his diploma, in case he is called upon by relatives to translate same.

*Feb. 27:* "Die Studenten" were faced today with the menace of a detention room. Certain members of "Tardiness Anonymous" are plotting to build a secret egress from 206, just in case.

*Feb. 28:* One of "Ole Muz's" specials, encountered in a social studies test: "The Digemdeep Ditch Company, whose dreary dominions dig dark ditches in the dank, dewey dirt, tunnels a trench through the territory of Tom Tryhard, town trustee. How can he help this hampering of his habitat?" Anybody with a solution to this problem should mail it to

A. B. Gungelfinger and Sons, Marvinville 89, Saskatchewan.

*March 1:* The school went through the first of a series of air raid drills. *Ye R.R.R.*'s suggestion that all students be locked in their lockers was apparently ignored.

*March 2:* The proscription is on! From now on, no rats, lice, or members of the Business Staff will be permitted to share the privileges of the *Register Room*.

*March 5:* Herewith signs off the author (or perpetrator) of this column. Although the *R.R.R.* is maligned in some circles, the author is sure that the critics would greatly diminish if they were to try writing this column or a portion thereof. With apologies to "Big Marv", "Brillohead", et al., the *Register's Raving Reporter* for '50-'51 signs off.

—JOSEPH P. JOHNSON, '51

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